

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

AUGUST, 1847.

NEW BRIGHTON.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

BRIGHTON, in England, the town from which New Brighton derives its name, possesses very little to recommend it other than its fashionable society, and its facilities for sea-bathing. In the year 1784, his majesty, George IV, then Prince of Wales, made it his summer residence, and erected a pavilion, which contributed greatly to the prosperity and appearance of the place. Upon this edifice, it is said that not less than two millions of pounds sterling were expended, or something near ten millions of dollars. The exterior is in imitation of the Kremlin at Moscow, and the stables, which will accommodate from sixty to eighty horses, are built in the Moorish style of architecture, and in all the magnificence of royalty.

Brighton has, also, another object of striking interest—the chain pier. This was erected in the year 1823, under the superintendence of Captain Brown, of the royal navy, and cost about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It has an esplanade of singular structure, which projects into the sea some twelve hundred feet. This esplanade has, also, a carriage road twenty-four feet wide, a promenade ten feet wide, and a toll-gate at the terminus.

New Brighton, though without a pavilion and a pier, is, nevertheless, a place of some note. It is in Castleton township, Richmond county, New York. It stands on the north side of Staten Island, has a beautiful and commanding prospect, and fronts New York city, from which it is distant some six miles. To the left will be seen a fine building, with a piazza and cupola. It is a young ladies' seminary. Removed from the din and confusion of city life, and at a reasonable distance from the village itself, we see no reason to prevent their advance in things elegant and useful. A few trees and shrubs are also visible. The Muses court a sylvan retreat. Wonder if any of the young ladies write poetry?

There are several other fine buildings farther to the right; two elegant hotels, in particular, near the shore, may be mentioned, which are much resorted to in the summer season by the *élite* and fashionable of the metropolis.

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Near the centre of the engraving is the steam ferry boat which plies between New Brighton and New York. In the distance, with its ensign leisurely floating from the flag-staff, is the dwelling which accommodates the tars of "Sailors' Snug Harbor." And yet, farther in perspective, the eye rests upon the ocean steamer—that *ingens, horrendum monstrum*,

"Whose fleshless pulses leap
With floods of living fire,"

ploughing its way through the blue waters.

How Fulton, if living, would enjoy a place on deck, at the pilot's wheel, or acting the engineer! But he once had a short ride up the Hudson at the rate of four miles per hour. That was glory enough for him. It was his triumph over fools and foes, and a demonstration of the power of steam to drive a vessel against winds, and waves, and currents. He wished no more.

Those fellows at the oars, as well as those taking their *otium cum dignitate* on the boats, to the right and left, seem well circumstanced. One of them seems disposed to propel his craft by puffing his pipe. Three gulls between the boats appear to enjoy the occasion very well too. Perhaps it is the summer season, and toward evening, and they are refreshing themselves by an occasional dip of their wings in the waves. We may be whimsical, but we almost wish we were on that schooner to the left, catching the evening breeze, and listening to some sailor's yarn of ocean peril. At any rate, we can, just now, half fancy ourselves on the hill near the seminary, listening to an evening song from the boat:

"How happy, at this calm hour,
My shipmates dear, are we,
Thus sailing in a fairy boat
Upon a fairy sea!

The wave is burnished far and wide
With evening's crimson glow;
And, mild and soft, the cooling airs
Around our shallop flow.

But let us veer; for we must touch
The pebbled beach in time,
To wander home before the bells
Have sung their vesper chime."

And, as they have ceased their song and separated, so here, kind reader, we too must part.

MISCELLANIA.

BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE.

FAIR reader, some months have passed since last we met; but I trust we love each other yet, and are glad to meet again. I owe you an apology for my long absence from your social circle; but I am so unused to apologies, I know not how to make one. I have not, however, I will assure you, become weary of your society, nor have I lost, in any degree, my interest in the medium through which we have long held communication. The Repository is becoming, with every succeeding number, more and more dear to me. I love it for its intrinsic value, its intellectual treasures, its delicate taste, and its pure morality. I love it as the means of becoming acquainted with the intellect, taste, and feelings of the good men, and gentle ladies, who contribute to its columns, and I love it as the medium of communication with you. But, instead of making an apology for the past, I will rather make a promise for the future. I will try hereafter to meet you punctually every month, that we may talk over, in our quiet, gentle way, our miscellaneous thoughts.

I have got back again, reader, to my favorite shady retreat under the old beech. The place is some changed since last we met here. During the past spring, many a fair hand has been busy in planting shrubbery and flowers on the gentle hill sides, and in the quiet dells, and along the winding brook. It is a beautiful little place. Nature has decked the spot with a profusion of wild flowers, unusual even in this fair land, where flowers spontaneous sprinkle the bosom of earth. Here, after the ever returning routine of my daily labor is over, I retire to commune with nature, and with you. Here, too, close by my side, sleeps my little one—the gentle—the loved—the early lost:

“When the rose buds, half blown, were perfuming
With their breath the soft zephyr of May,
In her life's early morn she was blooming,
And in beauty all stainless as they.
But she dropt like the gem of the roses,
That is snapt from its tree by the blast,
And in death her young form now reposes,
Like a flower whence the essence hath past.”

The wild flowers are blooming all about her little bed, and my old beech, with its dense foliage, is leaning over the spot, as if to protect her rest from the burning rays of the sun, and from the storm. So beautiful is the place, so merrily sing the birds, so busily hum the insects, and so blithe and full of life is all nature, that I sometimes fancy my sleeping one must wake up some of these fine mornings. But, alas, alas! the sleep of death knows no waking “till the heavens be no more.”

“Sleep, lovely one, the summer flowers are springing
In holy peace above thy moldering head,
To guard thy dust, and from their bosoms flinging
A mingled sweetness o'er thy silent bed.”

At the base of the gentle hill flows a quiet little brook. Its source is a perennial spring bursting out from the opposite hillside. It winds along through the vale, the green grass, interspersed with lilies, growing close to its margin. Its quiet waters reflect by day the deep green of the trees and the pure blue of heaven, and in the moonlight they gleam like a thread of silver. I love that little brook. I have rambled along its meandering margin, on many a summer day, with the hand of trusting childhood clasped in mine.

“Flow on, sweet stream, unto the sea;
Thou flowest on as ever;
But the child so dear no more is here,
For ever and for ever.”

I find myself, however, not here alone; for here comes, as it might seem, a fairy band—a happy group of little children. Four little girls have come forth hand in hand from my cottage door, and they are now standing by me, looking sadly on the grave of their little cousin. One of them bears the name of my absent one, and seems to resemble her. And here comes my little Charlie. He stops as he passes the grave of his sister, gazes a moment with tearful eye, and then lightly trips along to play among the flowers on the hillside. And now there are two more coming. Little Frank, your own little Frank, my dear friend Editor, is coming along, leading his brother George to join the company. And now they are all seated on the grassy bank weaving garlands of flowers. A happy group they seem. But happy as they now seem, many a shade must pass over their brow, as maturity brings to them the knowledge of the bereavement they have all suffered. The graves of the two elder brothers of your little boys are growing green beneath the showers and sunlight of New England. The sister and the father of two of the little girls lie buried in the garden cemetery of the old homestead on the Atlantic hill, and the grave of the father of the other two little girls is made on the banks of the distant Kennebec.

Gentle reader, do you love little children? If you do not, pass on—pass right on. Tarry not to read my sketches. I can do you no good. There can be little or no sympathy or communion between us.

I have said that the place where I am sitting is beautiful. It is even so. When I left my pleasant home on the Atlantic hill, I did not suppose I ever could become so much attached to another place as to that I had left. But really I have become devotedly fond of this little green spot, where I have made my new home. And, gentle reader, if you happen not to know it, let me tell you, that there are in Indiana some of the loveliest and most beautiful spots on which the sun ever shone. We have every possible variety of natural beauty. Along the Whitewater valley you will find scenes of romantic beauty, scarcely surpassed by those on the banks of the Susquehannah. In the part of the state where I have

made my home, the noble forests, the rolling uplands, the fertile valleys, and the rapid streams, form a most delightful combination. This section of Indiana, for fertility, beauty, and health, can hardly be surpassed by any section of country I have ever seen. If you go north or west a few miles you reach the prairie lands, opening a new scene. North of the Wabash, the country puts on a face entirely different from any thing in any other part of the world I have ever visited. The soil is dry, forming fine roads, and farms easily cultivated. The forests seem like one continued orchard, and the ever-changing variety of prairie, woodland, and lake, might realize one's visions of fairy land. We need in Indiana only the beautiful villages, and the neat farm houses, and the gardens of New England to render the country the most delightful in the world.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ASTER.*

—
BY WILLIAM BAXTER.
—

WHEN our Savior was a child, his Father gave some of his angels the form of children, and sent them down from heaven to play with the infant Jesus and other good children in Jerusalem. It happened one day that little John, who afterward became the beloved disciple, went with one of his heavenly playmates into a beautiful garden. Evening had already closed around them, and the stars came forth, brighter and brighter, in the dark blue heaven, and the angel said to John,

"I must now go to sleep."

"Where hast thou thy bed, lovely stranger?" said John.

"Far away above the stars," answered the angel.

"Ah," sighed the child, "I could sleep sweetly, if I were but permitted to go with thee."

"There is a couch already prepared for thee above," said the angel, comforting him; "but first, poor child, thou must remain here awhile right wearily."

The boy understood not the last words of the angel, and hastily he plucked a few roses and lilies, to give as a sweet memorial to his beloved friend until the next day should bring him back. "Take these flowers," said he to the angel, "and when thou comest again to-morrow, forget me not, but bring me a handful from the bright land above; for surely there you must have larger and more beautiful flowers than we."

"We have, indeed," said the angel, "but we cannot bring them down to you. Seest thou the stars which shine in heaven? They are our flowers; but they are so large and bright, that thy small, weak eyes could scarcely look upon them were they as nigh

thee as these roses and lilies. I cannot tell thee all; but those flowers are not planted in earth, but in the blue ether; they sport not their bright leaves in the sun's bright rays, but in the light of the eyes of God. Nevertheless, I will bring thee the seed of one of our flowers to-morrow; we will plant it in the earth, and who knows what may spring up!"

The angel kissed the boy and vanished, and the next morning he returned as he had promised, bearing in his hand a beautiful seed. They planted it in the ground, and watered it every morning and evening with fresh water, which the angel always brought in his hands, and then little John told all the good children in Jerusalem, that he had a star-seed planted in his garden, and the children came every day to see if the star had sprung up.

And behold, in the autumn, there came forth and bloomed a beautiful variegated flower, of a round form, and the small leaves around the edges were like the rays of a star, and it still retains the heavenly name which the children gave it; for *aster*, when translated, means a star.

And whenever, in the evening, I stand by a bed of asters, and the stars are gleaming over me and them, it seems to me as if they were whispering with each other of their former relationship, and that the stars above, and the flowers below, desired again to meet and embrace in love.

LOVE.

—
BY B. G. STOUT.
—

Love! 'tis a sweet, delightful sound;
What harp can tune its praise—
What voice such beauty throws around,
Or charms with such fond lays?

Love! 'tis a joyful, heavenly strain—
A tale which none can tell—
A song whose music man in vain
Has oft essayed to swell.

Love prompted God to grant that man
Might ever happy be;
It laid in heaven the glorious plan—
Salvation full and free.

Love drew from thence an only Son,
Who suffered hatred's rod—
Was crucified, and by it won
A way for man to God.

Love twines around man lost—undone;
It lingers in his path;
Its presence tells a hope begun—
Man saved from endless wrath.

Love shall our joy in heaven compose,
When life's last hour is o'er;
And make that peace which ne'er shall close,
But last for evermore.

* Translated from the German.

THE HAPPY MOURNER.

BY REV. G. H. M'LAUGHLIN.

In the vicinity of ———, there lived a large family, who, as neighbors and citizens, were favorably and extensively known. They had a competency of things temporal for their comfort. The means of grace and moral influence were also abundant in that vicinity. There the Gospel of the grace of God had long been preached, and not without its saving effects upon the surrounding community. But as yet this entire family, with, we believe, but one exception, were irreligious. An interesting daughter had recently become the subject of convicting grace, and had joined the Church of God, and seemed to be truly a seeker of salvation. An attempt to serve God in the midst of friends so unfriendly to religion, seemed to her to be a perilous and almost fruitless enterprise. But she ventured to "choose the good part"—to seek Jesus as her only Savior. Being informed of the protracted and serious illness of the mother of this family, we proceeded thither, to minister, if possible, to the spiritual wants of the suffering, and render impressive and profitable this afflictive dispensation of divine Providence. Upon approaching, greatly to our surprise, there was presented to us the scene of *death*. The aged mother had ceased her earthly sorrow. Upon the previous night, she had closed her eyes for ever upon him who had been the affectionate companion of her youth, and had bid a final adieu to children whom she had fondly cherished and loved. As this pious, penitent daughter stood contemplating mortality in her mother, and immortality beyond the grave, her heart seemed full and her eyes a fountain of tears. In another part of the room there are familiar and friendly mourners. There is a circle of serious matrons and maidens sewing the death shroud. Here, to our left, and near our person, is the gray-haired husband and father. He seems to be absorbed in reflection. His countenance wears a melancholy mien. This seems to be a solemn and yet advantageous time, in which, while standing on the verge of time, and lamenting the loss of a dear friend, to mourn over sin, the cause of death, and to seek a preparation for a sinless and deathless clime.

"My aged father," said I, "would a short season of religious service be acceptable?"

"I would not object, sir," he replied, "but some of us do not believe in religion or religious service."

"It is always important to serve and worship God; but when we are extraordinarily admonished, as at present, by death, of our approaching dissolution, it seems very appropriate to have at least a word of prayer; and you are now near the grave yourself; for you are quite aged."

"Yes, I know that I am getting old; but, then, some of us do not believe in prayer."

Here we offered some remarks, suited, as near as possible, to the extraordinary scene and circumstances before us, but without any apparent or good effect.

How dangerous to grow old in sin, and the neglect of God! Not only is the strength of the natural sensibilities abated, but, much more, that of the moral. The light of God's Spirit will either energize, or enervate, as it is used or abused. As the light of the sun, or the moon—healthy to the eye, and useful to a person in business—becomes injurious to the eye, and useless to one asleep, so it is always with reference to moral light, assisting the active receiver, and weakening the willful sleeper. But, active or inactive, the Sun of righteousness will still continue to shine upon the world; and though we go utterly blind by the abuse of light—"not able to see those things which belong to our peace"—God will still be holy, just, and good, when he shall say, "Now they are hid from thine eyes."

In the midst of this desert of natural and spiritual *death*, what a delightful oasis is a sensitive heart! What Christian would not look with admiration on that weeping daughter! "There is *joy* in heaven over *one* sinner that *repenteth*." O, how true and comforting are the sweet words of the Savior! "Blessed (or happy) are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted;" "Blessed are your eyes, for they see; and your ears, for they hear." Let me always hear the warnings and welcomes of a friend. Shall I ever cease to hear the mellow notes of merry birds? Shall my ear ever be dull to the voice of affectionate friendship? How *could* I bear to lose the melody of earthly music! Yet let it all cease—cease for ever, ere I cease to hear the sweeter voice of Jesus!—ere I part with the hope of heavenly melody! Let the abounding beauty of this fair earth ever be shut out—let it all—all for ever vanish, ere I cease to see Him who "is the fairest among ten thousand"—ere I relinquish the hope of heavenly beauty and glory "which eye hath not seen!"

SONNET.

CARY, now these be songs of purest joy!

The full outpourings of a gentle heart,

That hath from nature's plan received her part—

The virgin gold—undimmed—without alloy!

Here, love is no wild freak or fancied toy;

Sadness is virtue wreath'd in sunny smiles—

Friendship, a pilgrim, seeking for the isles

Of truth; nor cheated by the rosy boy!

Read them when twilight hours come on apace,

To some dear one whose heart is all thy own;

Then shall, to chastened love, all mirth give place,

And every sound be linked to music's tone;

And thoughts around thy hush'd young hearts shall come,

Like those of some lone orphan dreaming of her home!

ÆOLIA.

THE CHINA MISSION.

BY E. M. B.

"Thousand ideas fall which none may mark;
One may survive our perishable name.
We know not, of a burning brand, which spark
Kindles the flame!"

THE Board of Managers of the Juvenile Missionary Society, attached to the Methodist Episcopal Church in C—, had adjourned. Their usual monthly meeting had been rendered more than commonly interesting, by the presence of Edward Graham, a young minister, and their former president, for he had given them some new information connected with the then recent news from China.

The opening of that vast empire for missionary enterprise had deeply moved their hearts, and two of them still lingered in conversation with Edward and his cousin, George Prescott, who had accompanied the former on a visit to his maternal home. After some animated discussion on the subject of missions, George exclaimed,

"Yes, I shall go to China! I will be among the first to devote myself to that long-secluded empire. And you, too, Edward, will go—will you not?"

"I cannot speak so positively," said Edward, gently smiling at the impetuosity of his cousin; "for, in the first place, our parent missionary society may not see fit to establish a mission in China; and, in the second, if they do, they may not deem it best to send me."

"You do not mean to say," returned George, "that we, as a people, will not hail the opening of the gates, and be among the first to rush in for peaceful conquest!"

"O! doom me, doom me not to bear
Such shame, all shame above:
To see the light I joy in fade,
And blush for that I love!"

Why, in such case, I should be almost ready to renounce the cherished name of Methodist. I thought aggressive movement was a principle of our economy; but, should we even delay, I will not be prevented; for I feel within my heart a fixed determination to live and die for China. I do not mean as a minister; for I have not the evidence that I am called to that sacred office. But, if I were in your place, Edward, I would not hesitate a moment."

"I have not hesitated to place myself at the command of the conference and the missionary committee," returned Edward; "and, should they deem me qualified and appoint me for China, to China most willingly will I go. That God has called me to missionary labor, I most fully believe; and I believe, too, that he will direct my steps."

"China, however, is not my *first love*. Palestine—the land of my Redeemer's birth, and sufferings, and death!—Palestine has ever been the cherished country of my missionary aspirations. My heart throbs at

the very name of Judea; and it requires all my judgment to keep my feelings in abeyance. But we have no mission there, and I see no movement toward lighting a solitary lamp in benighted, forsaken Jerusalem! China now rises before me first, perhaps, in importance, though, as I have frankly stated, but second in interest. The providence of God seems to intimate this to us as our next field for missionary exertion; and cold, indeed, must be the heart which does not beat responsive to the call. Peculiar qualifications, however, are necessary; and I know not, dear George, whether I shall be deemed fit for the great enterprise."

"The thought that you may not be qualified," said George, after a slight pause, "might well make me hesitate; but, then, as I said before, I do not mean as a minister: I may be prepared for a translator or a printer:

"I feel within my laboring breast
A power that will not be repress'd!"

The impelling influence is toward China, and I will go, though but as a colporteur! Do you not think I may depend upon the blessing of God, if my single motive be to glorify him in the salvation of souls?"

"Yes, indeed, George!" responded his cousin, "and far be it from me to check your holy resolution! Your peculiar position leaves you untrammelled in your decision, save by a sound judgment and God's opening providences. You cannot employ your energies in any way, that will have a more extensive bearing upon the destinies of the human family, than by expending them upon the improvement and evangelization of China. And, if you are willing to relinquish, in any degree, the ease, conveniences, and sympathies of home, with the impelling feeling and the single aim you speak of, I doubt not your highest hopes will be fulfilled."

"You will find the acquisition of the language very difficult," said William Harris, who was rather indolent by nature, and required a powerful stimulus to rouse him to continued exertion.

"Not as difficult as is generally imagined," returned George, "though it will certainly require all possible attention and diligence. It is a singular language, though by no means beyond the compass of ordinary powers to attain. I have been reading pretty attentively the little work called 'China,' lately issued from our Book Room; and it states that moderate capacities and due diligence will enable a man to converse fluently in the course of two years, and, in double that time, to compose intelligibly in the native dialect. And, then, there is nothing to prevent me from doing much good in the intervening time."

"I should think that rather doubtful," said William; "for, though the law is changed which would not permit intercourse with the natives, that fact does not alter the character and habits of the people; and I should think it would require a century, at least, before the Chinese would feel much familiarity

with the 'barbarians,' as they politely term us, or any ingress be obtained to the interior of the country."

"Why doubt that Protestants will be less successful than Romish priests have been?" inquired George. "They have sustained missions in China ever since the beginning of the fourteenth century, sometimes with great, and at other times with less success. For some years past a number of young priests have been annually sent there, who quietly proceed to the headquarters of their mission in the interior. Scarcely a month passes without some new arrivals or departures, and the vacant posts are thus kept constantly supplied with pastors. There are Romish communities in all the provinces, and in all there are public chapels where service is performed by native priests. Their principal establishment for receiving candidates from Europe is at Macao; and a commercial gentleman, connected with China, informed me that the different superiors of the missions there negotiated bills on Europe for two hundred thousand dollars annually."

"I believe the statements of George are correct," added Edward, for William seemed rather surprised at the information, "and with the love of Christ for our motive, and the salvation of souls for our end, employing Christian benevolence and Christian intelligence as the means, and depending solely upon God for his blessing, we have every reason to believe that the work will finally be effected."

"You will both be gray," interposed Henry Medwin, "before we have a well-established mission, if indeed any, in China. It will not suit the genius of our people—they ask for a too quick return for their investment of capital. They talk of sending two young men to China; and if, in the course of a year, they do not hear of a hundred, or at least a score of Chinese converted, they will be discouraged, and conclude it to be a useless expenditure of men, money, and labor. Look how easily they relinquished the South American mission! I have been reading 'Kidder's Brazil;' and, it appears to me, there has seldom been a better prospect of permanent usefulness than opened before us there. Yet, when the financial pressure took place among us, instead of calling for greater exertion, the people called for retrenchment, and the Board yielded Brazil. True, there had been no fruit, but no seed had yet been sown. The seed once scattered would have taken root, and yielded not only an abundant harvest, but, as in the natural productions of that tropical clime, there would have been harvest all the year round. But their devoted missionary was recalled from the work and the soil he loved; and, though he has continued his missionary labors by giving to us his valuable work, how few, in proportion to the many, read the volumes so calculated to inspire a well-founded confidence in the success of effort there. With what difficulty has Oregon been retained! Because we could not tell of hundreds immediately converted,

as we formerly could among the thickly populated tribes of the Canadas, what sinking of hands—what giving up of hope! Indians were dwindling away, and the mass thought not of the emigrants who were rushing there in a mighty throng. Yet, our maintenance of that mission will prove the nucleus round which a powerful Church shall gather, in those far regions of the west. No! give up China for yourself, George, and leave it as a legacy for your grandchildren."

"You are both right and wrong, Henry," returned Edward, who had regarded his friend with deep interest as he spoke, while George and William had listened with unqualified surprise; "you are both right and wrong. I see that you have fully imbibed the sentiments which, no doubt, were freely expressed around you in your boyhood, and you have not become thoroughly enough acquainted with the people of your adoption to know that, *'if such things were, they are not now.'*"

"The instance you have quoted of the Rio Janeiro mission is the exception, not the rule, and was forced upon the Board by a stern necessity. Perhaps, in God's providence, it has been overruled for good, by teaching the people the immediate connection between giving and retaining—between money and missions—the relationship which must exist between their hopes and their exertions. I insist upon it, that the Methodists are a missionary people—that the mass of our people give as much, if not more, than the mass of any other denomination, and that they have at least as much information on missionary subjects as the general membership of any other Church."

"That is a strange assertion, Edward," interrupted Henry. "Look at the various and extended missionary operations in some of the sister Churches!"

"Only proving, if you will examine their history," resumed Edward, "that other Churches have more wealthy men among them than we can boast. Their members do not contribute more, if as much, as ours do, considering their circumstances; but, then, some munificent donation or weighty bequest augments their funds, and removes all deficiency. It is just so with our respective literary institutions. There is no college, in any denomination, more warmly cherished than the Wesleyan University is among us. Hundreds of our poor members have contributed their dollar, when they could do no more, anxious to have at least a stone or nail in the building. I do not believe there have been as many individual contributors to any other similar institution; yet, see how it languishes, for want of princely donors like those immortalized in Yale and Harvard."

"Their widely-extended and well-digested plan of missionary operations, arises from the combination of talent and knowledge in their Boards. They select for the managers their most highly cultivated and best matured minds; and the general members,

well assured of the ability employed, leave the direction entirely to them. This mode has not been so fully pursued among us: we have thought sufficiently of the grace, but not as sufficiently of the gifts required. The first ought we to have done, and not left the other undone. A man, by the grace of God, may be as well calculated as Bunyan himself to guide the wandering pilgrim from the City of Destruction even to the very banks of the Celestial River, and yet not have had opportunities to gain the knowledge requisite to form a proper plan for missionary enterprise, or to select persons qualified to prosecute the work. If you take the Presbyterian Church, you can scarce think of a man of eminent talent among them who is not connected with their missionary plans; while among us, it is a fact to be deplored, men of the brightest talent and widest information are contented to do no more than make a missionary address, or write a stirring article, instead of being the originators and combined leaders of our societies."

"Well, if I grant what you say," returned Henry, "and I suppose that you, from your more intimate acquaintance with the Methodists, are the best judge, I still think you must leave the Oriental missions for your posterity, and confine your labors to Africa and the Indians."

"Not so," replied Edward, "though we will still retain those missions that have already proved successful. You spoke of the far-seeing minds that would not give up Oregon. When you have attained as thorough a knowledge of our history, as you have thorough love for our doctrines, you will find that we have always had among us a fair proportion of talent and judgment."

"You told me some time since, that you heard an eminent Presbyterian divine say that 'John Wesley was the greatest religious lawgiver that had existed since the time of Moses;' and we of the initiated," he continued, smiling, "who know our whole economy, from the class to the General conference, fully agree in the opinion, and believe, too, that his successors are worthy of their founder. Viewing Methodism as we do, we are ready to embrace the openings of that Providence of which we believe it to be the child, and to modify or enlarge our arrangements according to its intimations."

"When, about fifty years since, the present general organization of missionary societies was formed, it was thought perfect; and the whole world was soon to be converted through the newly adopted method. Soon a deficiency was discovered; and first *female*, and then *juvenile* effort were called upon for co-operation. These proved an added impulse; and then, if languor or indifference prevailed, *anniversaries* were relied on—found successful, and the work proceeded. But anniversaries multiplied begin to pall; and, though many may still attend from feeling, more, perhaps, from mere principle; for, in these days

of steam-presses, railroads, and magnetic telegraphs, every thing that can interest is known almost as soon as it occurs; and there is so little left for anniversary statements, that often the whole zest of a meeting must depend upon a brilliant or engaging speaker."

"Again the deficiency has been sought for; and now, we think, the true secret of success has been discovered, and this is, *the systematic training of our children*. They must be taught to give from principle, not from impulse: we must create in them a zeal founded upon knowledge. We give them the history of their country in the secular schools, teach them a knowledge of her institutions, and their superiority over those of monarchical governments, and they grow up loving the one and prizing the other. In precisely the same manner we now intend to give them an acquaintance with missionary history, institutions, and wants; and we are confident that the blessing of God will rest upon our exertions, and produce the needed love and necessary effort. We have commenced the work—we are teaching our children the principles, which it took the talent and experience of the gifted of the past age to ascertain. A science must first be mastered ere it can be reduced to elements; but that which a Newton discovered and explained, we can teach to the merest tyro in the schools. That which required the piety, and learning, and experience of former days to determine, we intend to make as common as the alphabet in our Sunday schools; remembering, too, that, though every child may learn its A B C, it immortalized a Cadmus to invent them."

"We, ourselves, are growing up under this new method, and, long before my beard is gray, as you intimate, nay," with a smiling glance at William, "before some of us can boast of much of that appendage, we will have a well-established and a well-sustained mission in China; and, if I am permitted to work in the ministry there, I expect to rely upon Henry Medwin as a missionary physician and collaborer in the Celestial Empire."

"It will, doubtless, be necessary, then," said Henry, with a half smile, though evidently moved at Edward's earnestness, "it will, doubtless, be necessary for me to pursue my medical studies with redoubled industry, in order to fit myself for practicing among so scientific a people!"

"Indeed, Henry," returned Edward, seriously, "that which you speak ironically is but sober truth. Dr. Parker, long resident in China, says, 'The men who go forth on this enterprise should be masters of their profession, conciliating in their manners, judicious, disinterested, truly pious, and ready to endure hardships, and sacrifice personal comforts, that they may commend the Gospel of our Lord and Savior, and co-operate in its introduction among the millions of China.' And Sir Henry Halford, president of the Royal College of Physicians in England, in an address before that body, observed: 'With those who

practice upon a system as meagre and inadequate as do the Chinese, the English and American surgeon must come into competition with the greatest advantage in his favor. His knowledge of anatomy, his acquaintance with chemistry, and all the other resources of his art, will give his patients a greater confidence in his judgment than in that of a feeble native practitioner. Be it understood, that I do not claim superiority for a physician of superficial knowledge only. No; let him apply himself to anatomy, and chemistry, and the other courses of medical lectures, so as fully to qualify him for the practice of physic and surgery.'

"Study, then, Henry, to become eminently skilled in every branch of the healing art, continue deeply pious, and become more thoroughly imbued with a missionary spirit, and then, if in the providence of God, China shall be your location, and you use your professional attainments only as a means to an end, and, as soon as you gain any influence over the minds of the natives, you consecrate every advantage to the diffusion of the Gospel, you will, probably, meet with far more success than will accrue from the preaching of your unworthy friend."

"And George?" inquired William, "what will you do with George?"

"Besides the duties of colporteur and translator, to which my cousin alluded," answered Edward, "I see an office, important enough in its bearings to satisfy even his earnest aspirations. Medhurst says: 'We need a band of *educational agents*, to improve the mode of tuition adopted among the Chinese. The attention of missionaries, from the very first, has always been directed toward the young. But, in order to make the schools efficient and useful, it is necessary to train up a race of schoolmasters, acquainted with a proper system, and imbued with holy principles, who will train up the native youth to be useful and happy. For this end we need a few devoted young Christians to go out, with talent enough to acquire the language, and humility sufficient to devote their acquisitions to the education of children; and, after having qualified themselves to become schoolmasters in the native tongue, to seek to raise up others to be teachers in their turn. Beginning with half a dozen, the educational agent may succeed in training a number of vigorous and intelligent young men, whom he may appoint over different seminaries; and then, commencing the work of superintendence, he will feel himself at the head of a range of schools, from which hundreds of well-taught children may proceed, to instruct, and enlighten, and bless the next generation.'

"Now if my cousin should devote his energies to such an enterprise, he will be laboring as effectually for the conversion of the Chinese, as the writer of books, or the preacher of the Gospel. But I find I am taking advantage of your patience to deliver a sermon," he continued, "while my sister is probably

waiting for my return to do the honors of her tea-table. I propose, therefore, that you all accompany me thither, and we will see if her conversation cannot interest us yet more on this important subject."

Three years have rolled by since the preceding conversation. Edward Graham is on the list for the projected mission to China. Henry Medwin is spending a year at Paris for the more rapid advancement of his medical and surgical studies, ready, according to Edward's prediction, to accompany him as missionary physician; while George Prescott, impatient at the delay necessary for the proper training of his clerical and medical friends, and having a fortune sufficient for his own support, has preceded them in his volunteer capacity, and is already fast acquiring the language. William Harris, animated by the instruction and example of his friends, is now the president of the society in his native village; and the youth belonging to the Sabbath school under his charge, give fair promise of being efficient and permanent supporters of the cause of missions. Reader, *where is thy post, and what thy duty?*

THE STRANGER.

BY MISS C. A. J.

WHAT abundant reason have we to rejoice that we were created social beings! How thrilling, how ennobling are the enjoyments derived from an intimate intercourse with those we love! How exquisite are the delights of the family fireside, even now—though often so sadly marred by human depravity! Sometimes, however, the strongest ties are sundered, and the dearest friends are scattered, by the wise, though mysterious events of Providence. Some there are, forced by circumstances to leave the loved associations, which have animated and gladdened their whole life, and mingle, though ever so unwillingly, with new companions in strange and distant scenes, and thus experience one of the severest heart-trials incident to our mortal state; and it is one with which we can never fully sympathize until we, too, have tasted of the bitter cup. When our own hearts have ached from the pressure of pent-up feeling—when, in utter desolation of heart, "we have looked on our right hand and on our left, and there was none that would know us"—when we feel that we would resign ever so favored a station to place ourselves by our mother's side, to be soothed once more by her gentle accents, or encouraged by her words of hope—when we remember a sister's truest love, or a brother's kindest counsels, that are ours no longer, we may be prepared to offer comfort to the stranger; we may then realize that a kind look, or an interested inquiry even, are of some value—that they may do good to others, and gain good for ourselves—how much, we cannot estimate. O, then, who would not speak a kind word and do a kind act for a stranger!

SOUL PAINTING.

BY ARIEL.

It is given to most men to think, and the man of talent may depict nature in glowing colors; but it is reserved for the man of genius to embody his conceptions upon canvas—to see not only a body emanating from his pencil, but a living, breathing soul, bearing with it the impress of immortality—itself the emblem of eternity. We said a living, breathing soul: not so in reality—that a Divinity alone can mold; but the mind of the gazer sees upon the canvas the soul of him that painted it—an exact image—an ethereal Daguerreotype. This soul communion is the highest enjoyment man can look for—this celestial harmony existing at once between man and man—man and his God. It is at such times that all that is of the earth, earthy, sinks into insignificance, and man looks upon himself not as an inhabitant of this world merely, but as a citizen of the universe, bound by ties immutable, and infrangible to every being on whom the Spirit of God has put its seal. It is an object worthy of a man, and of a man, too, in the noblest sense of the word, to tear away some of the obstructions from spiritual vision—to extricate the world from the little narrow sphere of selfishness in which it mostly moves, and raise it nearer heaven than Babel's infinite could ever do. This, pure reason could not accomplish. It might point out, with mathematical accuracy, the path of duty and of safety; but the road to the heart lies not in that direction: to reach that fortress you must touch a cord to which all nature vibrates—the cord of sympathy. There is a something, we know not how it acts, nor whence it comes, save as an attribute of spirit, deep as the foundations of our own immortal nature, lasting as eternity—the tie that binds society together, which we call sympathy. Schiller has said,

"If alone within creation living,
Souls to crags my fancy would be giving,
I would kiss them and embrace;
Should I vex the ether with my sighing,
All the clefts would cheer me with replying,
Sympathy is wide as space."

It is the medium through which souls hold communion together—the link that connects mind with mind—the silken cord with which God draws the world in closer union and identity with himself. The painter, above all other men, can bring this power into action—this mighty lever, used alike by Satan and by God—the one for the accomplishment of the highest finite deeds of evil, the other to work out in man infinite mercy, infinite compassion, infinite benevolence. All genius is not of the same rank; for "one star differeth from another star in glory;" and while some reach but little above mediocrity, others excel in the vastness of their intellect and the wonderful range of their imagination, content neither

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with the present nor the past, but, pressing forward, rend aside the veil that hides futurity, dragging thence some fearful shape to assert their own supremacy. Nor, in this struggle after the undying and the unfading, is talent of much avail: the man must feel as well as paint. Talent can give you the glowing sunset of the Italian sky, or seat you amid the tangled underwood of the forest—can show you men and women as you see them in the ordinary walks of life; but can it paint a soul? Can it rivet your eye upon the canvas by the magic tie of spiritual sympathy, making you look from earth to heaven, neglecting the earthy form of the creature for the spirit as it comes fresh from the hand of its Creator—an emanation from the great I AM? O, no! It is the painting of genius that raises humanity from its degradation, with one hand extricating it from the impurity that clings around it—with the other pointing to the skies as its birthplace and its heritage. Perhaps to no subject could these remarks be more applicable than to a painting fresh from the hands of its author, Mr. John Frankenstein. It is not for us to say he has immortalized himself—that was accomplished in his "Christ mocked in the Prætorium;" but we may say he has put another and a brighter gem in his crown of immortality, proclaiming in letters of living light the course of genius to be onward and upward. It is, in his own expressive language, a poetic subject historically treated. The spirit of Isaiah is bending over the infant Jesus as he gently sits upon the lap of his mother. Standing before that picture, to gaze and to think are terms inevitably joined together. Every sound is hushed. You see not the painter—you heed not the canvas—criticism itself is dumb, while nothing attracts your mind but thought clothed in language beyond the power of the tongue to use, understood by every kindred and nation under heaven—the universal language of the soul. Ages have rolled by since the prophet first spake of a Deliverer—generation after generation have sunk beneath their mother earth; yet have his ears not waxed weary, nor his eyes heavy with watching; but, on the first tidings of salvation, has he taken his stand by his Redeemer, saying, in tones of irresistible conviction to every heart, "This is the man." The past, the present, the future are all concentrated on that figure. Thought is busy there—his hopes, his fears, his faith is at an end; for the long-expected hour has arrived, and he is wholly lost and swallowed up of God. Mute as he is, call him, if you please, but a poetic existence, shadowed forth by the hand of the painter; yet is he sublimely eloquent, pointing the soul to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. Blot the figure from the canvas, and he still lives—the same, earnest, deep-souled old man—lives in that part of our being which, freed from its prison-house of clay, confesses to no such attribute as forgetfulness. The painter has eminently succeeded in giving

a tangibility to thought, and tangible it must remain. Successful as he has been in his Isaiah, we think it equalled if not surpassed by the infant Savior. Frail and childlike as it is, with all the infirmities of human nature clustering thick around it, it is still God, yet only God of love. Majesty and justice are nowhere visible: the enforcing of the law is not his object; but from those eyes beam forth his mercy infinite, winning a world back to the position whence sin had hurled it. It was a fearful subject to undertake—to show us God manifest in the flesh—to bring us face to face with him who bought our pardon with his blood, and not fall short of our exalted conceptions. One would suppose the spirit world had been open to his range, and some sweet babe, too bright for earth to hold, had sat for him, that he might catch the glow that heaven inspires, such holy love it breathes. The studio with this picture is a scene well worth looking in upon. In its presence the politician forgets his plans, the merchant his gold, the fashionable woman her affectation, all bound by sympathy to silence and reflection. Thought ranges forth, traveling away from earth—stretching far into the plains of immortality—hovering around the throne of God—dazzled with its brightness, yet strengthened by its glory—joining in the song that angels cannot sing. Reader, we may see him again, not through a glass darkly—not merely as an ideal existence in the mind of a fellow-mortal, but as he is—infinately more bright, infinitely more glorious, infinitely more beautiful. That this may be our lot is my sincere prayer.

GIVE BACK THOSE DAYS.

BY MARY.

O, GIVE back those blessed days,
When the young brow from care was free—
When were heard my childish lays,
With wild glee.

Give me back my joyous youth,
With all its wealth of sunny smiles—
With its store of precious truth,
Free from wiles.

I ask not for length of years,
Nor vainly plead for wealth and fame:
All these may end in bitter tears,
And empty name.

One dear wish, the first and last,
Tempts me to crave for youthful hours,
And sigh o'er time for ever past—
No more ours!

That from grief and by-gone years,
Were freed once more this mortal clod;
Then give the soul, exempt from fears,
Back to God.

SEASONS FOR PRAYER.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDINER.

LADY, when on the azure sky
The rosy light of morning glows—
When pearly dew-drops sparkling lie
Upon the bosom of the rose—
When all is bright, and fresh, and fair,
Then, lady, kneel in morning prayer.

When from the deep blue arch above
The sun pours down his noontide rays—
When all around attests the love
Of God, and seems to speak his praise,
From care or toil haste thou away,
And in thy closet kneel and pray.

When o'er the western clouds are spread
The iridescent hues of even—
When flowers their balmy odors shed,
And beauty reigns in earth and heaven,
Alone with God, from labor free,
Then, lady, bend the suppliant knee.

MY MOUNTAIN HOME.

BY H. O. EVANS.

My mountain friend, my mountain home,
With fondness still I turn to thee.
I cannot break the holy ties
Which childhood wove round thee and me.
Oft in the hush of rosy morn,
In spirit still I travel o'er
Thy towering hills and sunny lawns,
Near by Ohio's flowery shore.

My mountain friend, my mountain home,
The scenes of girlhood's holy love,
A soft remembrance clings to me—
Soft as the moon-beams from above.
The flowery hills and ivy bowers,
Whereon I used so glad to roam,
Though far from you I e'er must dwell,
O, ever dear, my mountain home!

HEAVEN.

No home on earth I have,
No friend from grief to save;
My home's beyond the sky,
My Savior dwells on high.
My dreams of soul are o'er,
My fancy flies no more!
Where'er, through earth, I roam,
I find nor friend nor home:
Mine eye is wet with tears,
My heart is filled with fears:
I wish I were on high
With God, no more to die.

THE CHURCH CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.*

BY MISS MEROEIN.

Mrs. C. As I emerged from childhood, my watchful parents noticed symptoms which betokened they knew not what. Various physicians were consulted, various opinions pronounced, and various prescriptions tried. The symptoms seemed allayed, and anxiety vanished. After awhile they again recurred, and the same remedies being resorted to, the same effects were produced. But, when they again appeared, a deeper anxiety as to the *cause* was awakened, and these temporary alleviations deemed insufficient. A new physician was called, who, possessing more skill than the others, immediately pronounced it the incipient stage of a spinal affection. This was painful news, but still it was specific; and, therefore, hope was strong that it could be successfully met and resisted. The physician at once declared burning with caustic to be the only sure remedy. We hesitated, struggled, and at last consented; for the dread of what might be the issue without it, was stronger than the fear of present suffering. It was done. I shall not now dwell upon it. Perfect cure of the affected part seemed gained, and again anxiety vanished.

Several years passed on, and the symptoms returned in another part, under other forms, and the spine being the fountain-head of all nervous action, the whole system was greatly affected. Yet still, the present was ease, compared to the visions of future suffering and certain death, which they seemed to foreshadow.

Again our faithful physician was consulted. He was not surprised by its reappearance, but informed us that the former remedy was as severe as I could bear, and that it had effected all that he expected—that my system was now much stronger, and better fitted to receive permanent benefit from a repetition of the same painful remedy. We wept and yielded, for health was desirable at any price. I will touch as lightly as possible on this, Emma, for I view it only as the shadow of a substance.

The affected part was burned until it was utterly dead; but still adhering to the living flesh around, it was necessary for some process to be used, which would separate it. The burning was inexpressibly painful—for, to make “assurance doubly sure,” it was done in two places, and was the commencement of months of tedious languor and suffering.

I was surrounded by the most indulgent parents, by affectionate brothers and sisters who made every effort to cheer and comfort me, Christian friends to point me to the land where suffering is unknown, and my kind physician watching every symptom with the utmost interest. Yet, all these outward

things combined were utterly insufficient to remove the pain or hasten the process. Continually was the anxious inquiry made of our physician, “Can you not hasten the result?” The answer was uniformly, “Not without deepening the wound, and, perhaps, nullifying the previous action; patience and trust are all that is requisite; the result is as certain as any earthly thing can be.” There were times when, deeply enshrined in my easy chair, and absorbed by some interesting theme, I would entirely forget it; but an unpremeditated move on my part, or an involuntary touch of even my dearest friends, would awaken me to the suffering of my position. I had learned to suffer in silence; for the sympathy of my beloved friends was so deep, that the outward expression seemed to make them miserable. It was easier to suppress my own feelings than to bear the sight of theirs; and a sad countenance, which has never vanished, Emma, was the only outward token of inward emotion.

One day, the time and place I never shall forget, I sat apparently reading; but the pain had, for some hours, been increasing in intensity, and reached a height unknown before. I struggled to suppress feeling, but in vain; and, involuntarily throwing the book across the room, I uttered a cry of anguish and wept without control. In alarm my friends gathered around me, but were powerless to relieve. The physician was sent for, arrived, immediately examined the wound, and found the dead flesh entirely separated from the living, except one little string still cleaving, and the weight of the whole thus resting there had caused unspeakable anguish. In a moment, with a scissors, he cut that string, and immediate relief ensued. An opiate was administered, soothing remedies applied, and rest, sweeter than I had known for months, quickly succeeded.

Now, Emma, the main work was done, but the wound was there, and could not be immediately healed; the physician said it was not desirable, and the uneasiness was so slight compared with what had been, I was perfectly willing to bide my time. I did not, at the time, fully realize the cure. My system had been shaken by the operation, and those weary weeks of struggle and pain had made an abiding impress on my spirits; but it *was* effected, notwithstanding. I gradually recovered strength of body and tone of mind; and, then, as weeks, months, and years rolled on, and there were no symptoms of returning disease—as I could read, walk, act in every way, without the slightest recurring weakness, I gradually settled in the joyful consciousness that the work was indeed done—the cure perfected. Inward consciousness and outward evidence combined to scatter every fear; and now, after years of trial, I conclude that whatever weakness be attached to any other part of the system, that work was done well, thoroughly, and permanently. Nothing but the scars remain to prove the suffering.

* Concluded from page 197.

There were many incidental circumstances interesting to me, which would greatly aid my illustration, and which, to my own mind, are very striking; but, for obvious reasons, I shall not dwell upon them, but pass to the spiritual application.

Exactly at the time when these physical symptoms were first manifested, I began to apprehend that my soul was diseased. I had had no childish awakenings, and it came to me, therefore, with greater distinctness. I was alarmed, and turned to various remedies. I made long prayers, kept the Sabbath more strictly, denied myself in certain fictitious reading, and for awhile felt better. But, after some time, I realized that these things were inefficient, and became more alarmed at the violence of my disease, and the assurance of the ministers and the Bible, that it would surely end in everlasting death.

I sought advice, and was directed to the great Physician. In ignorance and weakness I went to him, was received, pardoned, and consciously realized the impartation of a new and healthful principle. I immediately entered his Hospital, embraced his regimen, and exulted in hope of a speedy cure. I used the means as far as I knew, but many things combined to make my progress slow. I was surrounded by worldly influences, and but dimly apprehended that primary command, "Come out from among them and be separate." I had never been favored with religious instruction, and did not clearly see the way to the Fountain. I was timid, sensitive, and imaginative to an excess not easily described. I had formed a habit of fictitious reading, and did not see the necessity of entire relinquishment. I was delicate in health, constitutionally melancholy, and

"My sadness, like unwholesome dew,
Fell on the holiest things,"

and tinged my whole religious character with its depressing influence. Still my spiritual system consciously strengthened. All my remedies, even the most painful, seemed to centre in that result. I was upheld inwardly and outwardly, and had no cares save those my anxious heart created.

After some years I learned that there was a way of more speedy cure. I did not clearly understand, but I earnestly and sincerely pleaded with my kind Physician, that I might be lead in the narrow way. In good time he answered me, but not as I expected. It is probable, Emma, that those who have been led more rapidly, will think that I, too, might have advanced differently. But I do not think so, because I know I was perfectly sincere, for years continually seeking the Spirit's enlightening and guiding aid, and using all outward means.

Therefore, in accordance with the principles I laid down in a former conversation, that the Holy Spirit when he visits a heart, works on it just as he finds it, and without ever coercing, only drawing and influencing it, I believe he carried on his own work of purifying my moral nature, as rapidly as

my great ignorance, mental habits, and bodily weakness would allow; and to me and of me he often, in the greatest tenderness, said, "Ye cannot bear it now." But he led me, as strength increased, through a rough and thorny way—through sickness, bereavement, sorrows inward and outward, though it sometimes seemed the extremity of earth's desolation, until he brought me to the point of entire submission and full surrender, and I could say, "Thy will be done." Yet, still I was not happy—something seemed wanting; and, while to my own perception I relinquished earth, self, all, I did not enter that state of entire rest of which I had heard, and for which I had so long panted.

There came a period, (I never remember dates,) when, wearied in mind because uncertain where I stood religiously, I sat down despondingly in my own room. I appeared to have suffered without the due amount of gain, and was fast becoming faint in my mind. I had been for several weeks praying for light on that point, and, while I thus sat, a ray seemed thrown upon the past. With indescribable vividness I saw the singular analogy between my physical and moral training—minutiae that I had entirely forgotten were recalled, and the whole was portrayed before my mental vision with a clearness that caused every cloud of obscurity to vanish. I shall not draw the comparison, but simply relate some facts, and leave you to trace the similarity to what I have just related of the body.

My first great burning was *mental*. From earliest childhood I had been passionately fond of reading, and the taste strengthened with increasing years. Following the bent of my romantic nature, I reveled in fictitious works, until the outer world became to me almost a vision, while my own imaginings seemed real; and thus the ideal entirely usurped the place of the true. When I experienced religion the spell was broken, but the influence did not cease, and but slowly did I learn, and unwillingly did I admit the conviction, that entire abstinence from every thing that would excite the imagination was necessary.

After many struggles I learned that lesson, and then sought only real and permanent improvement. I had no desire for show, and was perfectly conscious I could not make an impression upon others if I would, for my natural reserve created an impassable barrier. I now seemed to be pursuing a proper object from right motives; therefore, when my plans for regular study were constantly prostrated by circumstances I could not control, and occupations which seemed trivial were forced upon me by outward changes, I murmured, yea, utterly rebelled. And when, after many efforts and many failures, I clearly apprehended that God in his providence called me to relinquish the cherished plans of years, and to be content with such general improvement as I could gain amid the faithful discharge of domestic duties, the struggle was intense, more than I can

express. Remember, Emma, I had been so shielded from outward trial of every kind, that this inner world seemed my entire life; and when I relinquished this, it appeared to me that I relinquished *all*. *It was done*; and so effectually, that I never made another effort to grasp what had been the strongest desire of years. For awhile I went on easily. Calm succeeded the tempest of feeling; and I had gained so conscious a victory, that I thought it covered the entire ground, and for awhile rejoiced exceedingly. Judge, then, of my surprise, when sad experience taught me my mistake; and I was called to endure a second burning: it was of the *affections*. Here I shall not dwell. God in his providence placed us, as a family, in circumstances so painful—permitted such a combination of inward and outward trial, that I stood at a point where all I loved were suffering, and every affection seemed but a channel of torture; and long, long did I agonize and struggle, ere I could learn to acquiesce—could look beyond natural suffering to spiritual gain, and say, “Thy will be done.” At last I bowed, and again thought, Emma, that the process of cure was effected. But, alas! my heavenly Physician saw that one more burning was needful; and, for the third time, the caustic was applied, but somewhat simultaneously with the second process—just as in the physical treatment.

That certainty of support which had always been ours vanished, and I was called to entire severance from every earthly dependence, and to learn to trust in God without these visible mediums. I cannot describe the severity of this process. Fearfulness took hold on me when the earthly arm was paralyzed, and the earthly head laid low. Loneliness seemed to pervade my being; and here for awhile I lingered.

It was at this point I stood on that day when I so anxiously scanned the past, in order to decide the present. The mental and moral being seemed subdued—I was cut off from earth inwardly and outwardly; and yet I realized that a feeble link still bound me, and that the oppressive weight under which I still struggled, waited but my kind Physician’s touch to roll off for ever.

You must not conclude, Emma, that this process of spiritual cure was one of constant suffering. I had intervals of great enjoyment; and circumstances would place me in so easy a position, that oft-times I would forget it all; but a sudden move, on my part, perhaps an effort to perform unusual duties, or a touch of reproof from a Christian friend, would awaken me again to all the pain of my situation. Much encouraged by the views just mentioned, I went to camp meeting. For several days I agonized; for I had reached the crisis of intensest struggle. One evening, wearied in body and in mind, I reclined in the tent. I shrank from every thing outward, and my spirit cried unceasingly to God. I

was heard in my deep agony, and my kind Physician came, suddenly cut that string, and I arose exulting in sudden and perfect relief. And yet I did not then realize that the work was accomplished; and I was long in admitting that conclusion, for former disappointments made me very cautious; and my spirit was sore, because of this protracted operation. But as weeks rolled on, the evidence grew clearer; for rest—rest the most perfect and unbroken, succeeded those years of sorrow and of struggle. I also found ability to do, to act, to suffer beyond my former experience; and, as regarding the body, inward and outward evidence combined to give strength to faith, and lead me on to the calm of full assurance.

Emma. Then I was right, my dear friend, in saying, I would welcome any discipline that would work in me such results; for I am sure, if my physical system were thus affected, I should submit to all you have described.

Mrs. C. Certainly, dear Emma; and yet I would guard you here. It may never be necessary for you to endure the spiritual burning in the mode I did, any more than it will be to suffer the physical; therefore, you need neither anticipate or ask it.

You are diseased—you must be cured: these are facts; but let your Physician prescribe the mode of treatment, and only be careful to follow the Spirit, every whisper, and his work may be perfected, gently and sweetly, within you.

My discipline has been uncommonly severe. The scars remain, and ever will. My views of life are very sombre. My spirit was so deeply dyed in sadness, during those many years, that buoyancy seems utterly foreign to its nature; and my greatest struggle is to cherish that Christian cheerfulness which, it encourages me to know, is sufficiently manifested to be marked by you.

Emma. Perhaps, Mrs. C., the analogy will hold good in this spiritual Hospital, and as few comparatively will need your process, as need the caustic in their physical restoration.

Mrs. C. I hope so, Emma; and thus I end my story. If it seem fanciful to another, to me it is real as life itself; and if God uses my imagination as a medium of comfort, I ought to accept it as cheerfully as though he acted on my judgment. You may discard it, or improve by it, Emma, just as the character of your mind, or your present state of feeling, leads you to decide; but, ere we part, let me rescue myself from the imputation of singing a song, by repeating the words you heard, written, at my request, by a brother of mine, in imitation of the well-known song, commencing, “The last link is broken.”

“The last link is broken
That bound me to sin,
And the words thou hast spoken
Have sundered my chain.

Earth's vain glance misleading,
On others may shine;
But my soul, still unheeding,
Shall rest upon thine.
Thy love gives me boldness—
My doubts all are o'er;
And the thought of my coldness
Endears thee the more.
My sins pressed not lightly;
And though thou forget,
They shall swell my song nightly,
Till life's sun has set.

The heart thou hast broken
Once doted on earth;
And the deep vow I've spoken,
It mocks in its mirth.
O! had I then treasured
Thy words, spoken free,
Long ere now thou hast measured
Their fullness to me.
But that heart I have sorrowed,
That suffered for mine;
And the vain world has borrowed
The heart that was thine.
My sins pressed not lightly;
And though thou forget,
They shall swell my song nightly,
Till life's sun has set."

A COMPREHENSIVE QUESTION.

BY REV. A. LOWREY.

ONCE the lips of Jesus pronounced this solemn question, "What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul." This is a question of profound and awful meaning. I wish to engross the attention of the reader with the value of the world, the superior value of the soul, and the nature and dreadfulness of its loss.

Some divines seem to think that the infinite value of the soul, and the importance of its salvation, cannot be shown without depreciating the value of the world; but nothing is gained in favor of religion by berating the grosser gifts of God. Excepting those designed to be corrective, all the creatures of God's power are creatures of his goodness, and must, therefore, be valuable, because adapted to subserve the interests of mankind. The world is valuable as a source of support. It is true the Lord supplies our animal wants; he provides food and raiment, but he does this through the agency of the world. According to a wise arrangement, and admirable adaptation of one creature to another, he causes the earth to produce what is essential to the maintenance of our animal natures. Is not the world valuable as a source of support, if misery and death would immediately ensue if we were deprived of its productions?

The world is valuable as a source of knowledge. The book of nature is a treasure, great and rich. It

pours light into the mind, expands our views, and prepares us for the contemplation of sublimer subjects. The physical structure and properties of the earth, the character, varieties, and uses of the animal tribes, the nature, attributes, and pursuits of men, are fountains of learning that send forth a thousand streams to bless mankind. Deduct from our stock of knowledge all that we have derived from men and things, and our minds would resemble a magnificent dwelling without a tenant. Deprive the mind of scientific research, and its strength would wane—the range of its comprehension would contract till brutes might almost claim equality with man.

The world is valuable as a source of pleasure. It is so adapted to our senses, that it increases the aggregate of human happiness. The grateful taste of food and drink, the gentle stimulus of light and air, the music of voices and of instruments, the grand vision of heaven and earth, all produce delightful sensations.

But it is with the superior value of the soul, that I wish most deeply to impress your minds. The value of the soul exceeds all calculation. If all the treasures of sea and land were put into my possession—if all the honors of the world were woven into my crown—if all the ingredients of earthly pleasure were commingled in my cup, my possessions would come infinitely short of the value of the soul.

The soul is valuable, because, like God and angels, it is purely a spiritual substance. It is connected with and animates matter; but it is not characterized by any of its gross properties. It is known as a thinking, reasoning, and intelligent spirit. The soul is valuable, because it possesses mighty powers. It founds empires, cements nations, builds cities, and controls the elements. It fathoms the mysteries of nature, and classifies the properties and laws of mind and matter. It explains the laws of planets, fixes the period of their revolutions, measures their dimensions and distances, and makes all nature yield to its will and subserve its purposes. It solves abstruse questions in politics, morals, and religion, makes excursions in the empire of spirit, and reasons high concerning the essence, attributes, and plans of God.

The soul is valuable, because it has a large capacity for enjoyment. It is capable of loving, admiring, and rejoicing. It communicates with the external world by means of the senses, and sips pleasure from the beauties of nature. It communes with other souls by the faculty of speech, and thus becomes a partaker in the bliss of sister spirits. It ascends to heaven in its aspirations, and drinks at the fountains of divine pleasure. Its capacity grasps the fullness of God, feasts on his love, walks in his light, and lives by his life.

Indeed, the soul has a capacity to enjoy unnumbered blessings, of boundless magnitude and ineffable

excellence. From nature up to nature's Origin it extracts pleasure, and vies with angels in ability to enjoy the Creator and his works. Is not the soul valuable, if it has a capacity to enjoy pure and eternal light, deep and steady peace, high and immortal raptures, and comprehends the bliss of both worlds?

The soul is valuable, because it is immortal. Unlike the body, and unlike all earthly things, its existence is eternal. While decay marks all that comes within the range of our senses, immortality is stamped upon every attribute of the soul. While dissolution awaits the body, destruction the earth, and extinction the animal tribes, the soul claims endless being. You may die, be buried, and be soon forgotten—countless myriads may rise, act their part, and pass away—empires may rise and fall—the sun may exhaust its stores of light, the foundations of the earth may give way, the complicated machinery of the universe may wear out; but the soul shall retain all that vigor it had when God breathed into man the breath of life, and he became a living soul. If the soul be a thinking, reasoning, and intelligent principle—if, with all its grand powers and capacities, it is destined to live for ever—and if to redeem the soul interested the Holy Trinity and angels, and brought into requisition infinite wisdom and grace, is it not infinitely valuable?

The soul may be lost; and we inquire into the meaning and terribleness of its loss. It does not mean annihilation. I need not stop here to inquire whether the soul is naturally mortal, and self-supporting. I allow that God is able to destroy the soul, and that its immortality is pendent upon his will; yet it is morally impossible that God should employ his power to annihilate the soul, because he has promised and taught that the soul shall exist for ever. If the soul were to be annihilated at death, how could Christ have conducted us through the solemn transactions of the judgment, and closed by saying, "These shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal?" If the soul perish with the body, how could he have taught us that, after death, Lazarus lived in Abraham's bosom, and the rich man dwelt in hell? Upon this narration, also, we may safely found the assertion that the loss of the soul is not the loss of consciousness; for Lazarus was happy in his abode, and the rich man was tormented in flames. It is a truth as alarming to the wicked as it is pleasing to the just, that our susceptibility of painful and happy emotions will be carried with us into eternity.

But the loss of the soul signifies the loss of all restraining influences: the fear of God, the checks of conscience, the dread of disgrace, the power of truth, the restraints of the Holy Ghost will all be lost. The soul will be let loose to prey upon itself: the lips will drop blasphemy, the eyes will express vengeance, and the soul will boil with emotions the most fiendish and diabolical. I can scarcely take a

more terrific view of hell, than is presented by the soul throwing off all restraints, and breaking loose upon itself with fiendish passions.

The loss of the soul is the loss of purity, the loss of the Holy Spirit, the loss of righteousness, and the image of God. All the poison of depravity inheres, and burns and convulses the lost soul. Every principle, passion, and affection being eternally steeped in corruption, the soul, like a stagnant pool, will send up the pestilential exhalations of death. Love, joy, peace, and all the elements of religion are lost. No charity, or kindness, or fellow feeling, will sweeten the spirit, or check the rage of its demonized tempers. The loss of the soul is the loss of heaven. A lost spirit will soliloquize thus: "The fountains of living water at which I might have drunk, the New Jerusalem in which I might have resided, the worship of God in which I might have participated, his honor and glory with which I might have been crowned, the vision of Christ, the fellowship of angels, the company of just men made perfect which I might have enjoyed, are all lost—irrecoverably lost."

But the loss of the soul includes in its melancholy meaning the loss of hope. Out of this grows its unutterable terribleness, as the deepest distresses are endurable while hope lives. If we are poor, hope of obtaining riches saves us from paralyzing discouragement. If we are disgraced, hope of attaining respect prevents from throwing ourselves away. If we are sick, the hope of recovering health saves from the gloom of death-bed scenes. And hell itself would be tolerable, if its damnation could be mitigated by hope of redemption, though it be deferred a thousand years. But who can bear the terribleness of that state where no hope supports the sinking spirit, or relieves the burning miseries, or tempers the oppressive gloom? The age of despair commences its direful reign, and excludes for ever the idea, and crushes in the bud all expectation of more propitious times, or milder sufferings. The question, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" is equivalent to the strongest affirmation—that no gift can recover a lost spirit. A thousand princely treasures, torrents of penitential tears, or a deluge of sacrificial blood, can never be accepted in exchange for a lost soul.

LOVE OF FAME.

THERE is nothing, probably, which tends so effectually to stupefy conscience, and to corrupt the heart, as an excessive love of fame. It not only diverts the mind from the end which it ought chiefly to keep in view, but sets up a false light for its guide, debases the finer feelings of the heart, and destroys but too frequently all regard for integrity of purpose and purity of principle. Beware, then, reader, of a too excessive love of praise.

THE MERCY OF GOD IN CHRIST JESUS.

BY REV. WILLIAM HUNTER.

MR. EDITOR,—I venture to send you the following translation, or imitation, of the favorite old German hymn, commencing,

"Ich habe nun den Grund gefunden."

It is not presumed that it will compare with the translation of the same hymn, found in the Methodist Hymn-Book, beginning,

"Now I have found the ground wherein,"

commonly attributed to Rev. John Wesley. But it is possible that some may have the curiosity to read translations of the same piece by two different hands; and the following, in a degree, compensates in *quantity* for what it lacks in *quality*—having four verses more than the translation in the Hymn-Book. The third, seventh, eighth, and ninth verses of the original do not appear in the Methodist Hymn-Book. The measure of this is the same as that in the Hymn-Book; but the rhyme is different. The measure differs slightly from the original, which is 9, 8, 9, 8, 8, 8, Iambic. This measure is not so well adapted to the English as the German language. The heading is supplied.

At length my weary soul has found
Its all-sufficient Anchor-ground—
The ground before the world was made,
In Jesus' wounds for sinners laid;
And which shall stand unmoved and sure,
When earth and heaven no more endure.

Lo! here is MERCY, boundless, free—
Surpassing thought!—for all—for me!
Behold, down-stretching from above,
Our Father's open arms of love—
Proof of his melting heart's desire,
To save us from eternal fire!

Why should we then of heaven despair?
God wills—and we shall see him there.
For this the Son came down to die—
For this returned again on high—
For this, though slighted o'er and o'er,
Stands knocking at the sinner's door.

O, depth! where all our sins are thrown,
Through Christ's vicarious death alone—
The wounds from whence atoning flow
The streams that wash us white as snow—
For those life-streams his wounds supply—
For ever MERCY! MERCY! cry.

By washing in this fountain pure,
My soul obtains a perfect cure,
And finds, for every pain and smart,
A balm in Jesus' bleeding heart—
Exhaustless source of life and grace,
And MERCY's native dwelling-place!

Were all things else to disappear,
Which solace soul or body here—
Life's dearest blessings be withdrawn,
And all my joys and honors gone,
There yet remains this bliss divine—
MERCY, REDEEMING MERCY, mine!

When earthly things my soul oppress
With loads of sorrow and distress,
And worldly cares my heart assail,
And o'er my troubled mind prevail,
I fly from these distracting harms,
To throw myself in MERCY's arms.

Do all my works and ways below
Full many imperfections show?
And those which once most perfect seemed,
In clearer light be worthless deemed?
This, this alone is all my plea—
O, God, be MERCIFUL to me!

All things submit to His command,
Whose mercies never-failing stand;
To him will I prefer my prayer,
Who makes my peace his constant care;
Thus will I find, in good and ill,
His MERCY my protection still.

Here, anchored safe, my soul shall stay,
Joyful through life's tempestuous day;
Be mine to exalt this boundless love,
While thought remains or tongue can move,
And sing, when harps of gold are given,
MERCY's transporting song in heaven.

THE ORPHAN'S SOLILOQUY.

BY B. G. STOUT.

Ort have I lingered near this spot,
To think awhile of much-loved friends;
Though past and gone, I've not forgot
The place o'er which the willow bends.

I thought of parents, who had strown
My early path with sweetest flowers—
Who first the way of truth had shown,
And taught me in my youthful hours.

But they are gone; and shall I mourn,
And o'er their graves shed sorrow's tear;
And sigh that I am left alone—
Consent no voice of hope to hear?

No! aided by a Power divine,
I'll stem life's current to the end—
Disdain the thought e'er to repine,
When I am loved by such a friend.

JESUS BY THE THRONE.

MID anthems of the blest above,
That wake the song of joy,
Or choral melody of love,
That seraph lips employ,
No spirit breathes in sadness there,
Or heaves the lightest groan,
Nor bows in agony of prayer,
But Jesus by the throne. PEGASUS.

WOMAN'S PRIDE.

BY EDWARD B. STEVENS, M. D.

It is good for us sometimes to read, here and there, fragments far back in the story of human kind. Not that we may arise from such studies with the exulting spirit of the hypocritic Pharisee; reverently thanking God that we are better than other men, and that our age is better than other ages; but that we may, in a far better spirit, look about us, and rejoice that infinite Wisdom has seen fit to guide us thus far in continuous intellectual and religious progression—that he has given to us peculiar privileges, and the fond hope that he will make of us a peculiar people. In no chapter of this world's history do we meet with more satisfactory confirmation of this pleasing view of God's providence, than that which tells of the smiles and tears, the servility and elevation, the degradation and dignity of woman.

Glancing along at many a well-known picture, my attention is first arrested by a fair being just seen in the misty distance, but readily enough recognized in those sighs, and that heart-broken misery; those eyes swollen with grief, and dimmed with gazing toward the distant blue horizon of the sky she has left. We easily discern, I say, the unhappy captive, *honorable* and *legal* booty in the desolations of war and pillage, borne away to grace the triumphant court of the rude chieftain, whose war cry has led his ruder followers to battle and to victory.

But I see other scenes, with other actors. Here, note that solemnly sedate personage, who seems to control and govern as true patriarchal head; surrounded with all the elegance, and luxury, and ease of all the spicy Orient. He is a Turkish seignior; and while we inhale the almost sickening concentration of odors that everywhere perfumes these rich apartments; and while we gaze at those wreaths of opium smoke in part gracefully curling from a rare and costly pipe, and in part quietly losing themselves in the long white beard that flows down to the lordly bosom; let us not forget to gaze awhile, too, on those exquisite beings that loll on richest ottomans, envious to catch the smiles of him who is their only despot, and yet only known friend. Fairest woman! snatched from the distant home of thy affections, with a mind created to love, and think, and enjoy, and worship, yet degraded to a love shared with a seraglio—to thoughts only of pandering to the wishes and pleasures of an insolent master, and with no enjoyment or worship but that of the slave.

And yet I see other and more pleasant sights; the light of Christianity and letters is about to reillumine a whole hemisphere; it is as if the northern light was just beginning to glow, previous to those rich columns of flame that pass seemingly to the very zenith. I have a glimpse of the sports and festivities that graced the days of chivalry. I see woman in

some sort the pride and worship of the rougher sex. It is an elevation of the ruder sort; indeed, an imperfect work; yet in it I see the earnest of better things to come. Each victor in tilt or tournament receives his crown from fairy hands—each stalwart, helmeted warrior raises his iron vizard to greet his lady love, or return her smile. In the songs of the troubadour she is not forgotten, and her name become a battle cry on the plains of Holy Land. This sort of knight errantry was much indeed, but it was not all; man's deference then to the gentler sex was but the brief relaxation from the sterner duties of a rude and savage age, and, at best, partook much in feeling of the religion of the Turk, differing from the Mussulman but little save this, that while his seventh heaven of most lovely and beautiful houries, was the reward of the faithful beyond this vale of tears, to the crusading knight it was in the ever-present now.

While these airy phantoms flit away with the summer fly, or the shadow of a passing cloud, more lasting—more lovely pictures of the glowing present are painted for my ceaseless study. Woman has ceased to be the inferior of man. She is no longer a mere piece of household goods, subject to barter and exchange—to be known only as the servant of man—to be guided by the passions, and pleasures, and caprices of the superior, fit only to anticipate and minister to his fancies. They have become the companions—the associates of man. The philosophy, and letters, and science of this age, are to grace and adorn the light and delicate fancies of the female, as well as to give strength and softness to a more rugged intellect. She shares in his anxieties, his successes, and his delights. She participates in his good fortune, and drinks of his cup of grief. In sickness and in health, in prosperity and in adversity she has become his comfort, his solace, his counsel, and his joy; and in all this, as I have fancied, is, in its truest sense, WOMAN'S PRIDE—a pride to which the Creator from the beginning destined her. The slavish degradation of a dark and benighted age, as well as the sensual worship and admiration of knight errantry, are equally to be rejected. She is indeed to lean upon his support, and be sheltered by his kind and good strong arm; but to make woman all that we understand by the equal and tender companion of man—part of himself—we have loved to contemplate as the happiest conception of the beautiful and true.

EARLY RISING.

THE Sybarites, it is said, destroyed their morning heralds, the cocks, that they might enjoy their matin slumbers undisturbed; and Pope, as we might judge, loved a morning nap:

"What time the morn mysterious visions brings,
While purer slumbers spread their golden wings."

STUDY OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. R. SAPP.

BIBLE truth is one of the leading elements which enters into the composition of our present form of civilization; and, when fully elaborated and comprehended by the human mind, will be the chief element of the civilization of the world.

Civilization is the improved condition of mankind, and is evidenced in cultivated manners, improved morals, refined sentiments and tastes, advancement in the sciences and arts, developed intellectual powers, and a pure, simple, and devout worship. When the civilization of a people, a nation, or the world, becomes mature, the various elements which enter into its composition will be full, or will have attained their greatest maturity. It embraces the progress of society and the improvement of the individual. These must advance in harmony, as society and the state are composed by the aggregation of the individual; and as the individual is educated, and as he advances in the arts and improves in taste, the religious powers are unfolded, and society at large assumes a fairer and better form.

From this general statement it will be perceived, that the usual method of judging of the civilization of a nation by a few of its leading and most highly-cultivated members, gives us a very limited and imperfect standard; and that all efforts to mature a high state of civilization will avail but little, unless they are brought to bear upon the mass of the people. This may appear more clearly, when we enumerate the elements which must enter into the composition and be generally developed, in order to produce a pure, noble, and Christian civilization—a civilization which contemplates the elevation and refinement of every being that enters into the compact of human society. The following quotation from Victor Cousin, a celebrated French writer, embraces a beautiful and philosophical statement of these:

"The idea of the *useful*, producing industry and the practical sciences, mathematics, physics, and political economy.

"The idea of the *just*, producing civil society, the state, and jurisprudence.

"The idea of the *beautiful*, producing the fine arts.

"The idea of *God*, producing religion and worship."

This quotation shows that the basis of civilization is not in the institutions, monuments, and forms of society—they being but the symbols of its progress; but in the mind, which gives birth to these. Taking the above statement as embracing the leading ideas which require to be developed, in order to constitute a good and comprehensive civilization, the following additional quotation from another writer, may be

considered as giving us a fair standard of a generous and vigorous development of these, and the present condition of civilization in this and other countries:

"Abundance of the comforts of life.

"Good government, faithfully administered, securing equal rights and privileges to all.

"Security of property, person, and character.

"Security and sanctity of the domestic relations.

"A high state of the arts.

"The diffusion of knowledge, morals, and public spirit."

And we may add, purity, simplicity, spirituality, and universality of divine worship.

Let us here, in view of the above principles, institute a brief inquiry into the condition of our American civilization. As to individuals, there are many in our country who are highly cultivated and refined, and in whose minds these ideas are very fully developed. This, however, is not true of the great mass of the people who compose our nation; and it is not true of the great mass of the people who compose any other nation, as the Americans, in some of the most important facts which constitute the civilization of a people, excel any other nation. We have an abundance of the comforts and many of the luxuries of life; and the idea of the useful is so strongly developed in the minds of our people, and the pursuits of industry are so general, that, under the ordinary blessings of Providence, we shall be furnished with a perpetual supply. In the administration of civil government we are deficient, and, perhaps, are degenerating. This arises from instability, party infatuation, and madness, not to say wickedness. As to the diffusion of useful knowledge among the mass of our people, there are many and noble agencies at work. In this, perhaps, we are equal to the most highly-favored nations of the earth; yet it cannot be denied but there exists, in some portions of our country, an alarming deficiency, and that there are many agencies employed to corrupt the hearts of the people. In the useful arts, we have, from necessity, as well as from the genius of our people and institutions, made great progress, and are moving forward with wonderful and astonishing success. Our progress in the fine arts, the works of taste and beauty, from the utilitarian character of our people, has been meagre, and there appears to be but a limited prospect for years to come. In the administration of justice, and securing equal rights to all, our practice has been far, far behind our professions. It cannot be denied, whatever our professions may be, by any man of just conceptions, that we are very deficient in these vital and capital points of civilization. From the complexity of the system of common law received from our English ancestors, and the invincible tenacity with which the profession hold to it, and the patience and forbearance of the people, and also the instability and selfishness of our statutory

enactments, justice is dealt out with an uncertain hand. And notwithstanding we publish to the world the noble and Scriptural doctrine that, "all men are born free and equal," we deny the civil rights of man, and many of the behests of humanity and civil society, to three millions of our population. The distribution of the rewards of productive industry, from a variety of causes, is very unequal, though more equal and upon a better footing in this than any other country. In regard to Divine worship, we are about half angel and half devil, the half devil, perhaps, yet predominating. Our whole population do not worship the Creator, purely, spiritually. Many of them have shrines erected to mammon and other gods; and just at this time, the temple of Janus Quirinus, is opened for the offering of incense, and not a few flock to its altars, and pay most hearty and vociferous vows. Yet, we believe, this country is destined to become the seat of the purest, noblest, and most exalted civilization, which will, for centuries, and perhaps for ever, exist on the globe. There are many reasons for this conclusion. In this country, mind is freer in every point of view than in any other. Our civilization partakes of the democratic type, and hence is destined for the whole people; and from the influence and preservative character of Bible truth, (it being the salt of the earth) though it may have a thrifty growth, will not be subject to as early decay as the civilization which flourished under the influence of this principle in the governments of Greece. Since the publication of Christianity the most cruel political despotisms have overshadowed and crushed the energies of the earth's population, and no theatre has until now presented itself, where humanity might make a fair trial for self-development under this free spirit, assisted by the spirituality and power of Bible truth. In this country we have such a theatre, and we have the utmost confidence as to the sublime results. From the influence of the sentiment of liberty, or of our soil and climate, the lower classes of the European population who flock to our shores, by the second or third generations, are changed from their rough forms into the most elegant and noble specimens of the human being. The mingling of races and nations, as it takes place in this country, may have a healthful and recuperating influence upon human blood and intellect. These, in connection with other reasons which we might name, are calculated to produce this grand and momentous result in reference to American population and civilization. Yet we wish not to close our eyes to the evils which are now mixing with the good, and may be of sufficient power to change the course of our population, and this anticipated destination, and produce a people the most corrupt, unruly, and unstable on the face of the earth. We have confidence in the power of truth, the laws of humanity, and the providence of God, and believe that on our soil, and among the population destined to cover it, will spring up the

purest, noblest civilization ever seen in the brightest vision had by prophet or patriot, or contemplated in the Bible to flow from the mission of Christ, and the ultimate destiny of truth.

But we come to the inquiry more specifically, What is the influence of Bible truth upon our taste, literature, laws, legislation, domestic enclosures, institutions of learning, arts and property—in fine, upon our civilization? We started with the proposition that Bible truth was one of the *great leading elements* of civilization. Like the light of the morning seen in the east, bespangling the heavens and scattering joy and glory abroad in the earth, carrying in its train life to vegetation, and giving beauty to man and his works, Bible truth—the precepts and spirit of Christianity—have gone abroad and entered every department of labor, every hall of legislation, every cabinet of counselors, every seminary and college of learning, every village, city and hamlet, every dwelling of man whether sanctified to God or not, and every judicial bench or court of justice in this great country of ours, and wherever the Anglo-Saxon treads the earth. Christian truth is still more extensive and diffusive in its blessed mission of improving our race. It has gone into other lands than ours, and disseminated its benign agencies among other people than those descended from our parental branch.

Bible duty creates an outlet for the surplus wealth of Christians and Christian nations. It directs them to administer to the wants and alleviate the sufferings of their fellow human beings. And though wealth has as yet, but in small sums, taken the channel of well-doing, still these channels are distinctly pointed out, and found to be open and operative. Christianity prompts to the building the asylum for the blind, the insane, the poor, and the orphan; the house of refuge for the degraded and outcast; the temple of worship where the Creator may be adored; the hall of science for educating the youth; and sends the messenger of mercy and book of life to the poor and perishing of our race. Here, it will be perceived, a thousand rills are opened for dispensing joy and gladness, and for drawing off from the individual that, which if retained, would canker the soul and corrupt the springs of society. What a magnificent spectacle of benevolence does that country present, where these several agencies for administering good and dispensing mercy are actively at work, molding, forming and blessing its population—sending the pulsations of life through every vein and artery of the political compact. No scene of the like kind was ever, or is now, presented, in any country where the God of the Bible is not known and worshiped, and the sympathies and love peculiar to that book are not cherished. These scenes and works are the products of Christianity. Paganism, Pantheism, Mohammedanism, Atheism and Infidelity have not the life or law of being to produce a growth and brotherhood of this kind.

It softens our asperities, teaches us to be kind and merciful, and abolishes the maxims of retaliation. It is not now as it was said of "old time," "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," but it teaches us to forgive injuries received from an erring brother, under the promise of forgiveness from our Creator of offenses committed against him—also, love to a neighbor and an enemy. Under the teachings and precepts of Christianity, men are coming to the opinion that war is wrong, and that the shedding of blood in this way, is a crime against God and man. And notwithstanding nations maintain their distinctive organizations, are separated by rivers, mountains, oceans, and their language, institutions and complexions may differ, yet "God hath made them all of one blood," and they are brethren.

Bible truth creates the sentiments of justice and right, and enforces upon us the duty of allowing and giving to others, the rights, privileges and blessings we would have ourselves. The sentiment of justice is chiefly learned from the Bible character of God, and his manner of dealing with men and nations. The Bible teaches us that he is a being of strictly impartial and universal justice—that with him there is no respect of persons, but that every man will receive according to his deeds. This view being communicated of that Being who created man and the world, and whom we are taught to worship, the human mind is imperceptibly and gradually impressed with this conception, and we learn to become just to our fellow men. The Bible is likewise the source of human rights; and though they have been imperfectly apprehended by the mass of human minds, and trampled under foot by tyrants and the oppressors of man, still they have been making progress under the impulse of its holy lessons, and are destined to sweep across the world. This was one of the fountains unsealed in the Reformation. The reformers taught the great Bible truth of JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH, that is, that all men were equal before God—that all men had an equal right to go to him for salvation through faith in the blood of Christ—that the priest had no authority to stand between any man and his Creator, to intercede in his behalf, or to place obstacles in the way of his pardon and salvation, and thereby shut the gates of heaven. And when this great truth was learned, or had fairly entered the human mind, men began to inquire wherefore they should be unequal by nature, or in the enjoyment of political privileges. And after, for a few generations, exploring the labyrinths of political society and truths, and the pages of the Bible, they arrived at the great truths so long trampled down and concealed from the world, "that all men are created free and equal." It was a sublime result in the history of the progress of Bible truth and the human mind, and one over which devils and tyrants wept, and at which misrule and aristocracy mourned exceedingly. This Bible truth—this law of equal privileges and rights is, per-

haps, the leading principle of American civilization. *And let it be understood that it is the legitimate outflow of the New Testament doctrine of Justification by Faith.*

Our literature is chastened and sanctified through its instrumentality. The professor in the institution of learning, under the influence of the pure lessons of Christ, his prophets, and apostles, learns to expurgate the Greek and Roman authors, before he places them in the hands of his pupils, or to carefully guard them against their poisoning influences: he also places this great book of ancient history and literature in their hands, and points them to its sublime and noble lessons in poetry and eloquence, history and philosophy, morality and worship. The student of science is blessed with the privilege of holding intercourse with the pure and good of all past time—of mingling his thoughts with theirs—of acting over the thrilling scenes through which they passed—of singing their songs, mingling in their solemn feasts and sacrifices, and gathering up the wisdom of a buried race that now sleep with God. Yea, more; he thinks over the thoughts of God, expressed through the agency of prophets, judges, heroes, sages, apostles, and his own beloved Son, and draws intellectual and spiritual refreshment from the everlasting MIND.

It inspires and gives beauty and spirit to our poetry. Here, in these groves of Paradise, and among these hills and valleys of our Zion, the greatest poets have attuned their lyres. The genius of such beings as Milton, Heber, Watts, Wesley, Aken-side, and Montgomery, have been lit up by the scenes, incidents, and precepts of the sacred word; and poetry thus inspired and sanctified, is sought and sung by millions of our race. What has been, and what yet will be, the full influence of the sacred melodies of Wesley, Watts, and other Christian poets, in improving the taste, elevating the sentiments, correcting the habits, and spiritualizing the souls of the millions of our Christendom, will be hidden until that day when God shall judge and reward every man according to the deeds done in the body. A conception of their power lifts up a bright vision before the eye, and the soul of the Christian philanthropist is awed and subdued as it is swept by the notes of a hundred million of human tongues, as they pour on the wings of many winds their sacred anthems. He stands spell-bound, entranced, as did the prophet of the Apocalypse when his ear hung upon the swellings of the song sung in heaven by that mighty host which no man hath numbered. O, the privilege of the genius who can make Bible songs to be sung by the millions, to dispense joy and gladness to their habitations, and sweetness to their spirits!

Many of the finest scenes for the pencil are found in the sketches of the Old and New Testaments. Into these lights and shades, as created by the Eternal Spirit, the pencil of genius has been dipped with

wonderful effect. The masters of this art have here found their finest subjects, and formed their noblest models; and these are now collected in the museums of art and cabinets of princes, and are found hanging in the parlor, the private study, and even the cottages of the poor, exercising in every civilized country an influence to produce a correct morality and Scriptural taste.

The Bible, or especially the New Testament, contains the great constitutional principles as a basis upon which human society will ultimately be organized, or its present imperfect organization be completed. And when the visions of theorists shall have been tried and exploded, the world will find that a simple observance of the precepts and duties enjoined by the great Lawgiver, is all that is needed by the individual or society in the present state.

Religion has been interwoven with every form of civilization, which has yet existed; and from man's character as a religious being, it will ever maintain a prominent position, and exercise a powerful influence upon whatever form it may hereafter take. The religion possessed by the Greeks, Romans, and other nations of antiquity, shone forth in their painting, sculpture, architecture, and literature. Then, as now, the religious sentiments of the human soul, were made to speak out and exert their influence in every development of humanity. For eighteen hundred years the world has been in possession of a religion purer and more spiritual, and embodying a more noble system of rules and sympathies, than any before possessed. This system of worship has been silently, but gradually displacing every other form of devotion; and now exists in greater power, and is exerting a healthier influence in developing human energies and fashioning society than at any former period. Since it was given by the great Teacher, the world has been crushed under the most shocking system of political despotism. But the signs of the times for the last century or two, show that Christianity is coming forth from the long night of despotism which had enveloped it; and, also, that the individual and the masses are casting aside the fetters which had bound them for ages. Christianity free and untrammelled, and the human mind free—these two freemen beginning to run, locked arm in arm, the race of development and sublime progress, will and must produce the most magnificent results. Christianity will be the great agent of fully evolving the powers of the human soul. When this occurs, and it may not be for a thousand or ten thousand years, as the progress of truth and the human mind is, and ever has been, very slow, we will have a nobler manhood, a purer society, a better world, and a purer and more exalted literature than at present, or than has been enjoyed in any period of past time.

It is as great a mercy to be preserved in health, as to be delivered from sickness.

REVOLUTIONS OF TIME.

BY REV. B. M. GENUNG.

THE past seems like a tragedy already performed to exhibit the mutation of matter and the uncertainty of human affairs. Its records inform us of a world, at first, truly beautiful and covered with a rich variety of interesting objects, but, in the dawn of its existence, its beauty fades and its colors change. Nothing in creation appears to have been formed so permanent as to withstand the revolutions of time. Where, at one time, the lion's startling roar resounded through the deep dense forest, the patriarch pitched his tent, and on the mountain top offered the type of the great sacrificial lamb; and that solitary place was rendered vocal by sacred praise from human lips. Where human depravity kindled the fires of dissension, and the heaven-daring multitude erected the altars of impiety, the rising waters swept fearfully on, and a sinful world was buried in the engulfing flood.

Where Babylon's magazine of wealth was stored, and human glory sat enthroned in proud emolument, the pride of royalty reached its acme, but only to render its fall more dreadful and its destruction more sure. Where now are its gilded palaces, and where rest those chieftains, who dwelt within its walls? Where, too, are those of still greater valor who triumphed over their fall? They have all departed, and even the mole, that crawled among their sleeping dust and fed upon their flesh, has died.

"The traveler wanders where a thousand lords
Once sat, and where the song of revelry was heard
To sound and echo through the spacious halls,
Yet all is lonely—all is still, except
The adder's fearful hiss."

Where the rude banditti roamed uncontrolled, there rose the mistress of the world. Art lent its aid to beautify her form, the craft of science laid her deep foundations and reared her bulwarks, eloquence thundered in the senate, while the sweetest strains of poetry sounded through her groves. Thus, clad in the garlands of literature and armed with the thunderbolts of war, imperial Rome looked down from her lofty eminence upon the world as if it scarcely deserved a smile. Yet the genius of her liberty retired: that empire had its rise, its reign, and its fall. Nor was the wealth of Jerusalem sufficient to secure her stability. When the time of her destruction drew near, the storm gathered in the heavens, the thunder muttered in the darkened clouds, and all the artillery of Divine vengeance lowered over the devoted city, till, swelling with terror, it burst in sheeted flames upon the Jewish metropolis, and consecrated altars, and priestly robes, and kingly crowns, royal palaces, and decorated temples, were wrapt together in their grave of fire.

"No more did Judah's harp resume its song,
Or Israel's muse attune its solemn lay."

for the glory of Jerusalem had departed: her priests and prophets were no more; the lyre of sacred melody hung silent on the willows, and the hand that waked its holy anthems was wasting in the grave.

Should we visit those places most celebrated in classic lore, or remarkable for the visitations of celestial beings, we should find but little of their former grandeur remaining. Here and there, perhaps, some crumbling monument might remind us that human dust lay there; or the moldering fragment of ancient sculpture awaken the melancholy reflection, that, like its authors, we too must die. So fades the glory of the world. So pass the affairs of earth in quick succession from one state to another, ever varying, ever changing, blighting the expectations, and blasting the hopes of man. Is it wise, then, to let our hopes rest on any thing earthly? Is it enthusiasm to sing sincerely from the heart,

"Vain world, adieu!"

as we centre our strongest hopes in heaven? True wisdom points to a city whose foundations are sure, and whose mansions of light will stand firm and flash with brightness, when the last fragment of this poor world will be unseen, and to us unknown.

THE TRUE NOBILITY.

BY REV. R. W. ALLEN.

"What constitutes the true nobility?"

Not wealth, nor name, nor outward pomp nor power:
Fools have them all; and vicious men may be
The idols and the pageants of an hour.
But 'tis to have a good and honest heart,
Above all meanness, and above all crime,
And act the right and honorable part
In every circumstance of place and time.
He who is thus, from God his patent takes—
His Maker formed him the true nobleman.
Whate'er is low and vicious he forsakes,
And acts on rectitude's unchanging plan:
Things change around him, changes touch not him;
The star that guides his path fails not, nor waxes dim."

DURING my somewhat extensive ramblings, I have often heard of the *nobility*. The manner in which they were often spoken of, might have led me to suppose, had I not known the contrary, that they belonged to a superior race of intelligences, perhaps occupying a position somewhere between men and angels; or, if they did not rank so high, that they were far beyond the reach of the common people; and that for the latter to attempt to associate with them would amount to little less than a crime: if it was not regarded as the unpardonable sin, it was looked upon as a serious offense.

But who are the *true nobility*? Are they those who have assumed this appellation by virtue of their wealth, pomp, or aggrandizement? Or those who are far more worthy of it by their virtues and noble

deeds? The term nobility is used differently in different countries.

In England, the word is used to denote five ranks, those of duke, marquis, earl, viscount, and baron. In this country, it is usually applied to the rich, to those filling important offices, to men of rank, and frequently to the would-be somebody, with which the present age abounds. But let us notice the term in its true acceptation.

It denotes dignity of mind. This consists in true independence; or rather, perhaps, this should be regarded as one of its essential elements. A state of mind exempt from undue influence, and possessing the power of self-direction and control, is highly important to real dignity. Without this, it cannot exist. Obsequiousness demeans and degrades. A fawning disposition is the bane of intellectual greatness—the *sirocco* that destroys all that is great and noble.

Another element of dignity, is true honor. This leads the mind to properly esteem real worth wherever found; to a suitable reverence for age, rank and relation; to an utter abhorrence of every thing that is low and mean; and to that noble magnanimity by which we may encounter danger and trouble with the utmost tranquility and firmness. This principle could enable the three Hebrews to face the king, and declare, that "they would not serve his gods, nor worship the golden image which he had set up," and Paul to exclaim, "but none of these things move me."

Another element, is a courteous deportment. A pleasing address, kindness and affability in the reception and treatment of guests, and a strict observance of those established principles, rules and customs, proper for the most beneficial intercourse of social life, are necessary to true dignity. Complaisance throws around the intellect a charm, and adds to manners true politeness. Clownishness destroys all that is dignified in character, and debases the noble faculties of the soul.

Another element, is a strict regard to truth and justice. Veracity and exactness belong to true dignity. Justice, which consists in giving to all their due, and in conforming to the principles and laws of rectitude, stands out boldly, as among its most prominent characteristics. Dignity, with all the lovely qualities of the mind, disappears, where moral principle and Christian integrity are wanting.

Another element, is a proper mental cultivation. Ignorance is most debasing to the mind, and unless removed by strict attention to the education of the intellectual faculties, will rob it of its glory. Intelligence, under the influence of grace, exalts and dignifies. It expands and adorns the intellect, and gives it energy, strength, and power.

Nobility denotes purity of soul. This consists, first, in an entire freedom from unholy tempers and desires, and from all the corruptions of our natures.

Unbelief, self-will, envy, slavish fear, jealousy, pride, anger, covetousness, &c., are entirely destroyed. And, secondly, it consists in being filled with the Spirit, all its energies and powers being directed, controlled, and governed by the Spirit. Then, we shall be able to "love God with all the soul, might, and strength, and our neighbor as ourselves." Glorious state! Exalted privilege! A state that all Christians may possess, and a privilege that they may enjoy.

Nobility denotes a proper discipline and government of the body. This consists, first, in a proper regulation of the desires and appetites. These should be strictly conformed to the principles of morality and religion. All inordinacy should be avoided. Secondly, it consists in habits of temperance. Nothing should be received as food, or as a beverage, that defiles or pollutes. The "temple of God" should be kept pure. That quantity of wholesome food only should be taken that nature requires. Excess in eating is a fearful evil. The costume should be adapted and arranged for health and usefulness. The body needs to be properly attired; but let the "outward adorning" be such "as becometh godliness." Cleanliness should be its constant attendant. This, Mr. Wesley, declares to be "next to godliness." Thirdly, it consists in suitable corporeal exercise. The full maturity of all the physical powers, requires this: in this way only, can they obtain their full strength, symmetry, and beauty.

Nobility denotes a life consecrated to the glory of God, and the work of doing good. This is the great business of life. In it, we can only answer the end of our being: for this we were made; and our Maker designed that in this noble work, we should answer the grand purposes of our creation, and thereby secure a fadeless crown in heaven. "By patient continuance in well-doing, we seek for glory, honor, immortality, eternal life."

Thus, we have briefly glanced at what we conceive to be the true import of the term nobility. Those who possess what it denotes, as above described, are the *true nobility*. Whether they live in palace or cottage, in the city or country, whether they are rich or poor, honored or despised, they are the nobility—the nobility of our land—the nobility of our world. After life's toils are ended, they shall wear crowns, inherit mansions, and possess kingdoms. On the coronation day, when the Savior shall be crowned Lord of all, they shall appear among the gems of his redeeming triumphs, to stud the royal diadem. Who, then, would not aspire to be numbered among the true nobility!

"As well might the chemist," says Dr. Beaumont, "hope for a universal elixir from the polluted water of a stagnant lake, as mankind expect from earthly things the light and bliss of their immortal souls."

HEAVENLY ATTRACTIONS.

BY REV. J. E. PARKER.

Job said, "I would not live alway." He desired a release from earth, that he might dwell in heaven. David expressed the same sentiment when he cried out, "O, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest." Utterance is again given it by the apostle Paul: "For I am in a strait betwixt two; having a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better." Hallowed sentiment! Blessed feeling! It is found, also, in the heart of every Christian; it dwells wherever grace has done its holy work, and fitted the soul for a life in the skies. But *why* this sentiment? why this language? Partly, it may be because of the defects in the present mode of being; but chiefly, rather because of the superiority of heaven over earth; the former, though numerous, would still fail to render life undesirable; but the latter exerts unspeakable power over every soul converted to God. Heaven *has* attractions. It *has* power to allure away purified spirits, and cause them to exclaim, "I would not live alway;" "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

Among the objects that draw the Christian heavenward, and cause him to exclaim in language like the above, *God himself*, should first be mentioned. The spirit purified by Divine grace, would ever repose upon the very bosom of its Maker. It desires with him the most perfect intimacy. Here, however, he is but dimly seen—but partially known. True, he dwells within and encircles the soul. He soothes, strengthens, and supports; he animates, loves, and cheers; but brighter manifestations of him are longed for still. These are promised in heaven above. They are numbered with the beatitudes of that fairer world to which the Christian aspires, and longs to go. "For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face." "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." Holy prospect! Not only to love God and feel him within the soul, but to gaze upon his perfections with eyes immortal. To dwell in the effulgence of the Divine glory, is a promise as dear to the Christian as its fulfillment is certain. The soul loves to be happy, and whatever is calculated to augment its felicity, is regarded by the Christian with a joy that is peculiar. Though God may be enjoyed upon earth, blessed be his name, the Scriptures inform us, that in heaven he shall be enjoyed with still greater and increasing fullness.

There will be met, also, all the pious of the whole earth. What a sympathy is felt between those of this class even here below! Two souls truly converted are in a certain sense one; one in feeling, in spirit, in hope, one. Here are many and valuable friends; many ardent, warm-hearted Christians. But in heaven *all* are pure—*all* are holy. No exceptions

will appear to disfigure the beauty, or mar the joy, of that beatified brotherhood. All will be holy, loving, and lovely. What a blessing, that we may even *anticipate* the enjoyment of society like this! The ancient patriarchs, holy prophets, zealous ardent apostles, faithful martyrs, the devoted humble follower of Christ, the perseveringly pious of all the earth shall be there; "an innumerable company which no man can number," who have all "washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Blessed society! No discord is felt to annoy—no jarring is known to exist—all is harmony, union, and love. No tear is seen to indicate sorrow—not a sigh is heard to escape—"all tears are wiped away," and sighing and sorrow have eternally fled. What heart changed by Divine grace, and possessed of a consciousness of the Divine favor, that does not feel a longing after such society?

There will be also the glorified Savior. When on earth, he scattered in rich munificence upon all around him, the blessings of his love, and doubtless he will be no less active in offices of kindness in heaven. Who of those now pardoned and free, but longs to view him, upon whose bosom the beloved disciple leaned with such frequency and delight?

"To Jesus the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
O, bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne."

There too are the angels of God. Their office is high, their employments holy; they are always spoken of in holy writ in terms of high distinction; in the scale of creation, they rank foremost. What a joy must be felt by the earth-released soul, when first embraced by these sinless beings, clad in the livery of the upper world! To associate with these objects of creating love, will surely be no ordinary privilege. To hear them laud the perfections of Jehovah, to hear them sing of the love of God, of the Savior, the cross, the redemption of the world, the beatitudes of heaven, will be a privilege unknown to men while here below. How rich will be their music, how glorious their themes, and how ceaseless their praises! "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God of hosts."

Heaven has *many* attractions. Its triune God, its triumphant glorified Savior, its holy angels, its exalted myriads saved by the washing of regeneration, its shining Jerusalem, with its gold-paved streets, its beautiful proportions, its divine architecture, give it a value far above earth. Its flowing river, and tree of life, its freedom from sorrow, sighing, pain and death, its unalloyed and unrestricted felicity, its high and holy employments, its songs of praise poured forth in notes divine, these alone, without any reference to the declaration, "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive," give to heaven a power divine.

So let us live, dear reader, that we come not short of the prize of our high calling in Christ Jesus.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.

BY J. W. ROBERTS.

What though the language may be rude,
The pen unready and untaught;
The richest treasure's always found,
Where beauty lingers in the thought.

I HAVE seen the rose bud in its beauty. Sweet was its blush when the morning light kissed the silver dew-drops from its cheek; and the gay smile of innocence played through its leaves as the fond beams dallied in its charms. To the gentle breeze, that sighed its pensive numbers in softest murmurs, as it floated past, the bending beauty gave rich fragrance to waft off on its wings while fleeing away—

"Away to its far-off home!"

But it faded, and the rude winds scattered its pale leaves over the ground, heeding not that it was the wreck of beauty they were devouring. 'Tis gone! But is there no hope that it will return again? Yes, there is. By the mysterious laws of Providence it will be reproduced, and renewed, and, in some lovely form, live again to deck the earth. Though now it is withered and wasting, and must molder back to its mother-dust, yet, will it not be destroyed or blotted from the book of existence. It is the handiwork of God, who has appointed the time for its redemption, when it shall come forth in newness of life, revived in beauty, and clothed in the habiliments of rejoicing. No particle will be lost. Such is the protecting goodness and the watchful care of our Father in heaven over all his works. Not a flower of the field fadeth but he knows it. Not a sparrow falls to the ground but he sees it. O, may we not trust in him! May we not take shelter

"Beneath his royal wing!"

Yes, this is our high privilege; and to him, who is ever merciful and kind, we may approach, calm in the assurance that he will uphold us; for with him "even the hairs of our head are all numbered."

O, what a consoling thought to the way-worn and weary! Buffeted by the storms of adversity, and tossed upon the waves of life's troubled ocean, how the tempest-driven wanderer, soiled and distressed, turns from the dull scenes of his conflicts, to drink at the peace-running river which flows from the fount of God! There in the calm of devotion,

Rest, weary pilgrim, rest from thy toils.

Again, I have seen the little infant, tender and beautiful, rest upon its mother's bosom, and smile in the fresh joys of existence. The light of innocence beamed in its eye; the bloom of loveliness rested on its cheek. As the unblemished bud opens with promise of a rich blossom, so it, a bud of immortality, though mortal, gave promise to be one of earth's

brightest flowers, in youth and age, alike, an ornament to humanity. O, how that mother watched over and prayed for her child! How her fond heart beat with emotion as she gazed on the lovely treasure! And what hopes filled her bosom! How oft, when that sunny face was lit with a smile, or resting in slumber, did she imprint a holy kiss! Alas, for thy hopes, mother; thy doating heart must soon be riven! O, what a world is this, of light and shade, of hope and sorrow!

Scarcely had that infant begun its pleasing prattle—scarcely learned its little song and evening prayer, or to sport on its father's knee, or throw its arms round its mother's neck, when fell disease attacked the golden cord of life! What can thy care avail, kind mother? Pale and yet paler grows that cheek; the last and lingering tint that glowed so lightly there has fled. Ah, Death has marked it for his prey! But weep not, mother; weep not, father. Your child has gone from scenes of woe to scenes of joy. Your Savior gave the precious gift. 'Twas yours: 'twas his: he took it back again. 'Tis now a jewel in his crown. Would you call it back? O, look beyond the cloud! 'Twas hard to give it up; but think how many snares, laid to catch its unsuspecting feet, it has escaped—how many sorrows, pains, and griefs! Happy now, and free from pain, it basks in joy's immortal beams, and tunes its golden harp, hard by the Savior's side, and floats in all the ethereal bliss that ransomed spirits know in heaven.

"But then its little tomb, dreary, dark and cold!" I know your thoughts, mother; but be not sad. Shall He, who never lets one flower waste, nor bird nor beast know want, not guard thy infant there? Strew, then, its grave with flowers, for they are emblems of thy hope; and cease to mourn. The flowers will bloom in spring; so thy child will bloom in immortal youth, when Gabriel wakes it up, and Jesus plants its feet in yon bright heavenly climes, "where blossoms never fade," and death's grim visage never frights the mind.

Hope, then, mother; hope in sadness,
Cheer thy drooping spirits up;
Sorrow soon will change to gladness,
Cheer up, mother; cheer thee up.

Who, that ever spoke the name of mother, can hear that name unmoved? Mother! Sister! What sweeter words can language hold, or tongues of earth embrace?

I have seen a mother train up her daughter in the paths of virtue, honor, and usefulness. Mother and daughter! Many were their joys and few their sorrows. Bright were their hopes and sweet their union. Calm and peaceful was their soul's communion. Happy mother! happy daughter! But, alas, earth's joys are fleeting! No ties so sacred but are broken! Death chose that mother for his victim! Many long and weary nights and days that lovely daughter watched beside the mother's bed. Oft had the bitter

tears bedewed her cheeks as on the pallid face and wasted form she gazed. But death regarded not her tears. The spark of life grew dim; the burning taper flickered faint and low. The thought of separation pierced her tender heart with saddest grief. "O, mother, how can I live without thee? How dark will be the world! What a void the loss of thee will make! How gloomy life will be! O, mother, what will I do when thou art gone!" "My child, my child, be calm: still thy restless fears. Think not so vain of life: it is a precious gift. Think of thy faithful father: think of *his* distress, and ever comfort him. Thou art his only hope: on thee, will he place his affections. Make *him* happy; and thou too wilt be happy. I commit my trusts into thy care. O, my child, be faithful; and may God bless and strengthen thee!"

The daughter promised so to do, and the mother continued, "From thee, I must soon be taken; and thou wilt feel my loss, and feel it deeply; but let not grief prey on thy spirits; ever look up to the great Fountain of joy and consolation. I do not ask thee not to weep at thy loss: it is natural thou should'st weep: but be not excessive in thy sorrow. Remember thy sorrow will not be as of 'those who have no hope.' Let each remembrance of me remind thee of that bright period when we shall meet in a better world. O, my dear child, 'be thou faithful unto death,' and thou shalt have a 'crown of life,' and an abiding home in the kingdom of his glory!" The mother and daughter were locked in each other's arms, for what loving child could resist such a pleasure at such a moment? Sacred was the communion of that hour to their hearts. O, what a treasure was that mother's legacy! Who would exchange it, or their hope, for a universe?

Soon the cold earth closed over that mother's lifeless remains. Sad was the daughter's heart when she looked into the cold gloomy cell; but a ray from light's quiver beamed through its portals, and lit up the darkness with divine radiance, as it pointed to the spirit land. Weep not, daughter; thy mother has gone to rest. Free from all care, affliction, and sorrow, and safe from the storms, the winds and waves, where beating tempests never blow, her little bark is moored! "Let not your heart be troubled."

Soon, soon, "above the storm's career,"
Thy little bark unriven,
Thou, too, shalt at the gate appear,
And gladly enter heaven.

Then mourn not, daughter, o'er thy loss,
But morn, and noon, and even,
Bow humbly at the bleeding cross,
And live and die forgiven.

Our present frail existence is the unsubstantial basis upon which too many are building the fabric of their happiness; but it is building a nest upon the wave.

THE LAST COMMUNION.

BY REV. D. M. GENUNG.

It was on a lovely sabbath morning in June, when a few friends were called together to partake of the communion with one who lay near the close of life. She had requested this. For years she had adorned the profession of Christianity, had lived a bright example of Christian virtue, had nourished and comforted her aged parents, had enjoyed much of the presence of her Savior; and now, that death drew near, she desired once more to commemorate the sufferings and death of Him in whom she trusted for salvation.

The table was drawn near her bed; and, as we knelt around it, we felt that the Master himself was there. As the dying one partook of the emblems of Christ's broken body and shed blood, all present were conscious that with her, at least, it was the last communion—that she would not drink again of that wine till she drank it new in the kingdom of her Lord. With her faltering voice she told us, that heaven was near.

Solemn were our thoughts; sweet and heavenly was the influence that pervaded every pious mind then present; and as one of the company sung the hymn,

"When for eternal worlds we steer," &c.,
we anticipated heaven, and longed to be there. Bidding adieu to the dying one, we felt that it was good to be at the house of mourning, and profitable for one drawing near the river of death, to bring to *fresh remembrance* the merit of the crucified, yet living Redeemer.

Sweet it is to thus commune,
Near the portals of the tomb,
When the Savior, drawing near,
Bids us banish every fear:

Sweet to catch the latest sigh
From the lips of those who die,
As they bid a last adieu
To the friends they leave below:

Sweet to hear their latest breath,
As its tones are hushed in death.
Testifying "all is well,"
Uttering forth their "last farewell!"

Sweeter yet to hear them say,
As they quit their house of clay:
"Happy spirits! pure and bright!
Guide me to the realms of light!"

"Welcome, Savior, thee I love!
Welcome to the hosts above!
Let me mingle in your throng,
Let me learn your sweetest song."

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WHEN life's last sand is gone,  
And dull life's current flows,  
May I, my labor done,  
In heaven my soul repose.

## THE ROSE AND THE BREEZE.

BY GEORGE JOHNSON.

BRIGHTLY it danced, to and fro, in the light,  
And smiled on the morning and laugh'd,  
But the sun-god arose in the east, in his might,  
And smote the young rose with his shaft;  
It fainted and sunk on its green thorny bed—  
Deserted by all, it lay there—  
None cheer'd the young rose, none rais'd up its  
head—  
All left it to droop in despair.

Now, a breeze had been gamboling over the sea;  
And pushing the light bark along;  
And sweeping o'er mountain, and valley, and lea;  
And cheering the earth with his song;  
Had been turning the sails of the old wind-mill;  
And sporting about 'mid the trees;  
Had been in the chamber, all silent and still,  
There fanning the brow of disease.

When he saw the young rose, he kiss'd the sweet  
flower,

And bade it again be revived;  
And bathed its forehead in a cool, gentle shower,  
And the young rose cheer'd up, and lived;  
It smiled on the breeze, so good and so kind,  
And flung out its arms, to caress him,  
But afar he had left the young rose behind,  
Not waiting the rose e'en to bless him.

But he had his reward, for swift as he sped  
Away, to make glad, other things  
He perceiv'd, that the grateful young rose had  
spread

A fragrance of balm on his wings;  
And the sweet-scented breath of the health-given  
rose,

Gladden'd the heart of the breeze,  
Who, blithesome and merry, to seek his repose,  
Went singing away through the trees.

So charity, thus, gathers every hour  
From the humble ones whom she caresses,  
A fragrance as sweet as the grateful flower,  
Bestows on the breeze that refreshes—  
True charity gathers the richest perfume,  
From deeds of pure kindness and love;  
Which steals through the heart, dispelling its  
gloom,  
And cheering its pathway above.

## FAREWELL.

'Tis time that thou and I should part,  
Companion of my youth and heart;  
'Tis time from home and thee I go,  
And wander wide from all I know,  
Yet if through life our hope be riven,  
We shall our hearts unite in heaven.



## LADIES' REPOSITORY.

AUGUST, 1847.

LITERARY SKETCHES.

THE VOICE OF HISTORY.

THERE is no study more useful than that of history. By comparing the present with the past we learn wisdom. The errors not less than the truths, the vices as well as the virtues of other ages, furnish us their lessons. A failure is frequently as profitable as a triumph; for it is often as necessary to know what cannot be as what can be accomplished. All history, therefore, has its uses, its bearings, its importance. That person, or that age, which has drawn the most largely from the world's experience, is the most enlightened, and is least likely to fall into the mistakes which have been recorded. Many a fruitless effort in philosophy, in politics, and in religion, would have been saved, had the prime movers in society at all times sufficiently understood and heeded the voice of history, as coming from other times and places.

There is something interesting in the *nature* of history. It is a record of the life and progress of any thing living or advancing. A plant, an insect, or an animal, possessed of its peculiar properties and manner of development, furnishes a subject for a history. These living beings can be described as individuals, or in classes. All the classes can be grouped into families; the families may then be regarded as one great mass of existences; and thus, by a very simple process, we get an idea of the natural history of the great world we inhabit.

History is sometimes spoken of as referring to objects without life, but having a growth or progress only. The earth we live on, and the sister planets around us, are supposed to have passed through successive periods of creation. There is said to have been a time when only the materials of the universe had existence. They were then, after ages of chaotic struggles, brought into harmonious combinations. The land and water of the world were formed as we now see them. Next came the period of revolutions. Change after change passed over the earth's surface. The fires confined within raged, burst forth, and upheaved whole continents. The waters covering the globe broke their barriers, and swept onward in their majesty and power. But by all these devastations, so terrible and overwhelming for the moment, was the earth brought to its present state of perfection; and the description of this progress, as given by men of science, is the physical history of our planet.

History passes into the world of ideas also. A thought, a truth, a principle, having an origin, an activity, and a consummation, is made the subject of historical narration. A combination of thoughts, truths, and principles, constitutes a system of either philosophy, religion, or science; and to this system there is always a birth and growth, if not a dissolution. It is in this way that ideas, whether taken singly, or in an organized collection, have their development, and consequently their history; and when the ideas, which have successively occupied the mind of the race, are brought together, arranged, classified, and historically described, we have before us the intellectual history of the world.

It is a singular fact, that, with all the light, knowledge,

and enterprise of several of the more recent generations, neither the natural, the physical, nor the intellectual history of the world has been completely written. We have, in fact, only shreds and scraps on either of these great topics. Strange as it may seem, mankind have been, from the beginning, little interested in the wonders of the world around them. But they are less to be blamed than pitied for this fault. Before troubling their minds much about natural, and physical, and intellectual topics, they had first to fix upon some means of living, and the mode of social intercourse. Next to the building of houses for shelter, and the preparation of raiment for personal protection, the great principles of association, the necessary elements and arrangements of a state, had to be discovered. All other things—art, science, philosophy, and letters, were pursued only so far as they contributed to this end, or served the temporary convenience of the race. Even now, after so many ages, but little else has been done, than to provide men with the comforts of life, while they were working out the fundamental conditions of a free and happy state. The history of the past is, therefore, nothing more than a statement of this progressive work. The rise and fall of nations, including the constitutions they have formed, the battles they have fought, and the fortunes their various schemes and attempts have met, are all that we now read among the records of other times. The state is the central existence, in reference to which, as collateral powers, all other existences live and act. The state is the body, the trunk of society, and literature, philosophy, science, and art are looked upon as its limbs, guided by its genius, and operating for its good. The history of the past is the history of nations, and every thing is studied in its relations to their development and growth; and, since a man is of higher importance than any thing he can know, and yet society is of more consequence than any individual member of it, whatever be his dignity or renown, the study of the life and progress of a state comes to be the most grand and interesting of all worldly themes.

The state, then, being the centre of history, around which every thing revolves, and which carries all things with it in its onward course, the study of it, if properly pursued, will give us a complete knowledge of the past. But there is a choice in the *methods* by which this study may be pursued. It will not be necessary, certainly, to spend our time and strength in mastering the rise, progress, decline, and dissolution of every state, which has flourished in ancient and in modern times. That would be an endless task. Should a man attempt to read history in this manner, all other topics must be left unread; and, when his life had been exhausted in this slavish toil, his head would be as void of philosophy as it would be full of facts. If a stranger comes into our country, and desires to acquire a knowledge of our social state, he finds no need of visiting every town and city belonging to us, of seeing every thing, great and small, which we have done, of reading every book, pamphlet, and newspaper ever written in the land, or of forming a personal acquaintance with every individual citizen, from the green shores of New England to the fertile valleys of the south and west. He visits a few towns, which stand for all other towns. He examines those works which exhibit a specimen of our art. He reads the books, or it may be the book, in which the genius of our population is expressed. He seeks out the men,

who, by their universal popularity with the mass, stand out as the acknowledged representatives of the whole. So, in every period of history, there is found a rabble of nations, whose low fortunes it is not worth one's while to know; and there are, also, in every age, a few leading nations, in whose condition you may read the civilization of the world.

Nor, on the other hand, is it essential, to pay equal attention to all parts of the progressive movement of these leading states. There are periods in the history of all nations, which, for all utility, are of no possible importance. So soon as you perceive their onward march beginning, or actually begun, and know the law and certainty of their advancement, you have but one question to resolve. You will need to learn, at what precise period in their progress they reach their maximum—in what age exactly they get their growth. That maximum, which is the result of all their previous history, containing the mature fruit of seeds scattered at an early day, may be set down as the consummation of their respective civilizations, and are to be taken as the representative eras in their onward life. These eras are to be carefully, critically, laboriously studied. You are to make yourself as familiar with them, as you are with your daily thoughts. Not only their facts, but their philosophy, the very spirit that animated them, the ideas that gave them life, are to be mastered.

This task, apparently so complicated and arduous, by following the same plan of generalization a little farther, can be rendered both agreeable and easy. Do with other countries, and other eras, as I have supposed the traveler to do with our own. Descend not to unmeaning particulars. If you see, at any period, the machinery of a state working with a peculiar motion, or with a singular energy, spend no time in examining those inferior parts of it which are only passive, but study till you thoroughly understand the force that impels them. The visible wheels in that machinery are nothing. Perhaps, as in your watch, the power that moves them is no part of the real mechanism, but only an elastic principle, hidden, compressed, sealed up, which, whatever betide, will struggle against every check and balance till it spends its strength. These mainsprings of society are the great objects of your study. Men moved merely by latent influences are of no historical value. A minister, a prince, a cabinet, nay, a king, or a president, who is merely such, is not worth your notice. But there are men, and there always have been, in whom reside these hidden forces. To their country, if not to their countrymen, they are the sources of all real motion. Whatever be their station, whatever their business—whether they lead armies, or write books, or preside in councils, they are the types, the exponents, the true historical representatives of their countries. Their life is the life of their people. Fathom their natures, their principles, their objects of duty or ambition, and you have sounded the genius of their nations.

By this method of investigation, if pursued with some penetration, the reader of history will gradually fall upon a strange historical mystery. In each of these representative eras, from the earliest to the most recent times, he will discover two rival states, which, in almost every thing that pertains to them, are the antagonists of each other. "All things," says the son of Sirach, "are double one against another;" and philosophers inform us, that there are two poles to that electric fluid which

is supposed to pervade all nature. In nothing is this doubleness more manifest, than in the social state, in which, also, I have marked a species of polarity. No nation can rise up, as the great representative of the world's civilization, at any period, without finding, or perhaps creating another nation, claiming the same position. In the world's infancy Cain was not less the antagonist of his brother Abel, than was the race of the murderer to that reared up by the hand of Providence, to maintain the principles of the martyred shepherd. In years since the Flood, Chaldaea and Egypt, Egypt and Persia, Persia and Greece, Greece and Italy, Italy and Constantinople, Constantinople and Bagdat, Bagdat and Germany, Germany and Spain, Spain and England, England and Russia, have been, successively, the opposing poles in the world's great battery. Since the Deluge, there have been ten great eras in the progress of mankind; and the history of these eras is the history of the race. The contest between Russia and America is to constitute the next epoch, out of which our youthful country is to come victorious, prepared for another, and, it may be, the final struggle, in the ever-advancing battle of the world.

The study of these epochs is the study of all history. These nations, standing, for each era, one against another, and extending backward to the days of Noah, are the great colossal pillars, along which the student of history is to lay the frame-work of that mighty bridge, which shall conduct him, by its ten wide arches, from the present moment to the period of the Flood. The remainder of this glorious structure, from the Flood still backward, till its last timbers recline on the flowery bank of Eden, and mingle with the columns of the seraph-guarded gate, has been laid and covered by the hand of God. Thus, completing by revelation what was begun by the historic art, we have a lofty highway along which to range, backward and forward, through the dim periods of the past; and he who would look through the world freely, and see it as it has been and is, and behold the true positions and relations of all the ages, of all the countries, and of all the civilizations of by-gone years, must rise superior to the schoolboy process of memorizing unmeaning facts, and study the nations by the ideas which gave them birth.

But, as I have intimated in the title of this piece, history has a *voice* for him who properly pursues it. It speaks in a language the most plain and eloquent. Its lessons of wisdom should be engraved on the minds and hearts of all.

1. The great leading truth, uttered by the voice of history, is, that the world has been making progress. Adam and his partner were clad in fig leaves, and lived, at first, on the spontaneous productions of the earth. Driven from the rich bowers of Eden by the seraph's sword, he wandered out upon the fertile but thorny plains, to eat his bread by the sweat of his brow, and to rear for himself, in the mighty wilderness, a habitation and a home. Without a single domesticated animal to relieve his labor or increase his strength—without a solitary implement to clear off the rubbish or to stir the soil, his first crops could have yielded but a scanty harvest, and his rude table must have been but poorly laid. Imperfectly sheltered beneath the banian or the towering palm, he felt the smittings of a fierce hot sun, and shrank under the peltings of the rude storms. Doomed to be the father of a numerous family, and beginning



life without a neighbor or a friend, his first days must have been days of anxiety, and his last a period of the deepest care. Poor, wretched, forsaken man! How pitiful a beginning to so great a world!

But, reader, in that very being, in that downcast but undesponding Adam, you may see the germs of all that glorious civilization which now spreads its effulgence over all. There is a compass, a capacity, an energy in that great ancestor, which, in their progressive development, have constituted the history of all the past. His appetites, giving existence to agriculture, to manufactures, and to commerce, have felled the world's great forests; spread over the earth the scenery of grove, and garden, and waving grain-fields; reared towns and brick-built cities, humming with the confusion of busy labor—shaking under the thunder of a thousand engines; and covered all oceans, and every sea, with the white-winged messengers of commerce, fluttering with anxiety, or flying with an eagle's speed, to satisfy the instinct that created them. His affections, pure in spirit and powerful in energy, have instituted families and countries, diffused the influences of a peaceful brotherhood, founded retreats and asylums for the poor and perishing, and linked society together by ties as indissoluble as the bands of nature. His moral feelings, prompted to action by both love and fear, and led by a sense of propriety and order, have founded laws for the regulation of social intercourse beyond the precincts of the family, dictated constitutions, established courts and legislative bodies, and raised a protective barrier for the weak and innocent against the passions of the strong and lawless. His reason, shocked by his banishment from the bowers of Eden, seeks for the cause of his present distresses, studies the nature of the great world he lives in, dwells on his many relations to the surrounding universe, and elaborates, at last, a system, which he calls philosophy, and by which he hopes to restore himself to lost happiness. His religious sentiments, distrustful of the powers of reason, and roused by the stupendous grandeur of the universe, calls upon all nature—upon the rocks, and hills, and floods, and overarching heavens—to present him with an object worthy of his adoration; and, when the rocks are silent, the hills mute, the floods frothy and fathomless, and the very stars dim, distant, and deceitful, determined even yet to be religious, he stoops down and rears him an altar to the great Unknown. But the heavens are now opened. A lovely seraph, waving an olive branch, stands by him. With an eye regarding the rude altar, and a finger uplifted and pointing to the upper heavens, the celestial messenger utters but a single sentence: "Whom thou dost ignorantly worship, him declare I unto thee." The word is believed; the worshiper kneels down; a temple, august and beautiful, spreads its arches over him; other temples rise like exhalations on every hill-top; and man, with his appetites supplied, his affections gratified, his moral feelings carried out into living institutions, and his intellect and will in vigorous obedience to these native impulses of the soul, attains the last development of his nature, and reaches the loftiest pinnacle of civilization, in the glories and splendors of revelation. All we have, and all we are, in the individual, social, and civil state, is but the outward manifestation, gradually realized from age to age, of the inward capacities and powers of the great father of his race.

2. But man, after all that can be said of him, is an imperfect being, and the development of his nature,

which constitutes this progress of the world, must be as imperfect as himself. Assenting, as I do, to the great doctrine of human advancement, I cannot agree with those German and French philosophers, who represent this advancement as a steady, an even, and a perfect growth. Adam, after his departure from Paradise, was diseased. His life, though in general progressive, must have suffered many interruptions. Society, which is but the life of Adam carried out and represented in the mass, inherits the infirmities of this first, original, ancestral man.

Pantheists, from Orpheus to Spinoza, and from Spinoza to the present time, regard the universe as the visible body of the Deity, through which he is gradually developing the hidden powers and forces of himself. The work of self-development is his only work. As the human body has different organs, through which the soul receives and reveals, so that august Being,

"Whose body nature is,"

manifests his attributes through every object, but chiefly in the mind, the heart, and the life of man. Society, then, being the noblest part of the progressive life of God, its growth must be regular, its history faultless, and its perfection as certain as the laws of fate.

But, I repeat, man is a sinner, and society is diseased. This fact all experience, all observation, and all history confirm. Revelation, the counterpart of nature, erects upon it the very pillars of its faith. Nor is it possible, so far I can see, for an imperfect being to live a perfect life. Society, the grand realization of the individual man, can rise no higher than its pattern. Passion, the great disturber of the soul, has realized itself in many of the institutions of the state. War, the visible representative and minister of passion, has broken up the harmony of nations, enslaved the more feeble of the race, cut off some of the most promising members of the human family, dealt death and desolation to the brightest eras of the past, and, in every period, scourged, lacerated, torn, and rent the world. It cannot be that, under such treatment, humanity has been going onward with an even growth. Sin can be no evil—it cannot be sin, if, under such circumstances, man is as far advanced as he would be, had he been always to himself a friend, and lived and labored under the genial law of love.

3. Another leading truth, pronounced by the voice of history, is, that the present condition of the world, though far below what it should be, stands higher in the scale of perfection than that of any preceding age. The original powers of our great ancestor, his appetites, his affections, his moral sense, and his religious sentiments, are now more completely developed than at any time since his birth.

Agriculture, so long a work of chance, has at last become a science, and has just begun a career destined to multiply wonderfully the fruits of the earth, to convert deserts and barren wastes to gardens, to make the wilderness blossom as the rose, and to crown the world with wreaths of bloom and beauty, as rich and ripe as the flowers of June.

Manufacturing industry, based on the enlarged knowledge of the age, has become a universal art. It has stretched its sceptre over the four cardinal elements of the world. The ores and metals of the globe have all been worked. Machinery, now the most refined and delicate, next the most powerful and grand; here astonishing for its complexity and harmony of arrangement,

there sublime in its simplicity and majesty of design; at one time marvelous for the incredible minuteness and finish of its work, at another time awful for every thing great, and vast, and mighty—machinery, of such characters, of all models, and adapted to the use of a thousand arts, now takes its place at the foot of every waterfall, and in every town and city, multiplying while it lessens human labor, flooding all countries with fabrics of higher qualities at lower prices, and thus leveling the distinctions by enlarging and equalizing the blessings of the race.

Commerce, too, by uniting upon itself the combined forces of the four elements, or employing singly the fleetest of the four—propelling its steamships by the concentrated power of wind, water, wood, and fire, and sending its messages along the far-flashing threads of the lightning line, is exchanging the products of all lands, trading in the imperishable ideas of the mind, and, by reducing space to time, and time to its lowest requirements, linking society together into one, great, universal brotherhood of men.

The affections of the soul were never so perfectly displayed. The ties that bind families together—the husband to the wife, the parent to the child, and the members of a household mutually to themselves—were never so sacred as they are now. No Cato divorces his wife to oblige a friend. No Socrates lends his Xantippe to the Alcibiades of his day. No Brutus witnesses the capital punishment of his sons without a tear. No Nero drenches a theatre with human blood to gratify the brutal passions of a crowd. No Spartan senate arms the citizens with the right to murder, whenever they will, the unoffending Helot at his work. No Roman law commits the shipwrecked mariner to the cruel mercies of any, who, to get his money, may choose to spill his blood. No; the day for such inhumanity is gone. A milder and nobler era has begun. The wife has become the companion, and ceased to be the slave, of man. The parent, instead of tearlessly looking on at the crucifixion of a child, spends his substance and his strength to promote his good. The slave, though still a captive, doomed to obscurity and toil, has his friends. The poor seaman, wherever his plank may bear him, or on whatever shore he splits, finds a hand to help and a home to shelter him while he stays. There are places of refuge for the halt, the deaf, the lame, the leprous, and the blind. Both at home and abroad, for ourselves and for all, the law of love begins to bear sway. Philanthropy has had, in other days, its advocates; but Howard is the ornament of the modern world. Patriotism has had her idols, and the idols their worshippers; but Washington is the glory of our age.

The moral feelings, on which laws and states are founded, have reached their highest realization in our day. The best specimens of human government, which the world has seen, are existing now. England, the representative of the monarchical principle, is by far the most pure and perfect government of its kind. In that country, the despotic element is so checked and guarded by popular restraints, that the monarch is mainly weak to err, but strong to do well. In our own government we have the best exemplar of the genuine republican form. Athens was ruled by her citizens in person. In her general assemblies, the clamor of the multitude, roused by the rhetoric of their chief debaters, unrestrained by any rules of law, and unchecked by constitutional delays, was free, at any moment, to rush

forward to its goal. Here, in this country, the people rule; but they rule according to acknowledged and expressed forms of law. A wise man, at the beginning of every undertaking, though the result of it affect only himself, takes time to reflect on what he is about to do. A government, whose acts affect so many persons, should, for still greater reasons, do the same; and it ought to be so constructed, that the most passionate administrators of it will be forced to wait till their excitements shall have time to cool. But both despotism and democracy, in their purest forms, can conceive, enact, and execute the most important measures in an hour; and they are, consequently, equally capable of injustice, oppression, and tyranny of every form. A true republic, on the contrary, like that of our own happy country, does all its work by representatives of the people, so chosen as to embody the universal will, but so controlled that they cannot act without due deliberation, nor be pushed by passion beyond acknowledged and proper bounds. It is here, only, that the people have the power to do what they please, but to do it in a wise, sober, deliberative way. Passion, the only vicious element in our great ancestral man, is here securely bound, while every other faculty is left free.

The religious sentiment, so important to the present and eternal welfare of man, has found, in the Christianity of the nineteenth century, the most perfect fulfillment of its wants. At a very early period in the history of the Church, the pure principles of revelation became more or less corrupt. The young converts to the faith, either deeply dyed in Pagan superstitions, or schooled in the reigning philosophies of their day, were prone to bring down the lofty conceptions of the Gospel to a level with themselves. The first century of the Church had barely passed, when Soofeeism and Gnosticism began to pour into it from the east, the Aristotelian and Platonic speculations from the west, and the mysteries of Egyptian wisdom from the south. Three centuries had scarcely gone, when all the seeds of Popery had been profusely sown, which, in the fourth, at the transfer of the seat of empire from Rome, sprang up into vigorous and active growth. From the sixth to the sixteenth, a period of excessive night, Popery was supreme. Then Luther rose, and broke the shackles from the human mind; but, like every thing earthly, his work must have a beginning and a growth. Claiming the Bible as our creed, and the right of private judgment as its priest, he gave to the religious sentiment its highest good, without fettering the other faculties, or turning them from their course. At first, it is true, and for many years, the world would not accept the boon. Protestantism itself, by refusing to exercise private judgment, and yielding the priesthood to the powers of state, lost its individuality and its strength in the courts and cabinets of kings. The Puritans, rejecting this unholy union of secular and sacred things, reasserted the right of private judgment, and the liberty to worship God. Denied these privileges at home, they wandered in exile for many years, and, at last, in the name of human liberty, braved the dangers of the deep, and founded an empire for freedom in the west. From them we have derived our country, its institutions, and its laws. Here revelation, meeting and satisfying the religious sentiment in man, comes fresh and free to all. It is here, then, that religion, the end of civilization, and the consummation of all earthly good, has reached its highest point. So vital is this blessing, that, were I called on



to write a motto to float above the stripes and stars on our country's flag, I would indite the words, "FREEDOM TO WORSHIP GOD!"

4. The last great lesson, given by the voice of history, treats of the future, and bids us look forward with trust and hope. He who would command respect while living, or wishes to be read after he has passed away, will not venture in prophecy beyond the clear demonstrations of historic truth. History, though a record of the past, passes into the future, by showing what has been done, and thereby revealing the tendency and the natural course of things. We have seen human civilization to be but the outward manifestation of the inward capacities and powers of man. Among those powers, passion, as I have shown, is the only element of wrong. Let passion be subdued, and the better faculties relieved, then man will be redeemed, and the world will be a paradise again. But the power to extinguish passion is in our hands. Christianity, a practical as well as theoretical religion, breathes into our hearts not only the love of law, but the law of love. The man who loves God with all his heart, and his neighbor as himself, is a specimen of that state of society, hereafter to be realized, when the race shall have reached the destiny to which it tends. That Christianity can work such results—can utterly destroy the evil passions of the soul, is a proposition which admits of proof.

We read, in the Scriptures, of an evangelist by the name of John. He was that amiable disciple whom Jesus loved. Permitted always to accompany his Master in his secret walks, he ever sat next to him in public, or leaned upon his breast. He was worthy of this companionship with the faultless Son of God. Though his history has been given with comparative minuteness, not an instance of excitement or of passion has been named. All within him was as calm as an unruffled sea. When the rabble came to apprehend his Master, and Peter was so enraged as to draw his sword, not a word was uttered by the mild lips of John. Was it cowardice that closed his mouth? Contrast those two disciples at the judgment hall. Peter, the passionate avenger of his Lord, warmed himself without, and denied the persecuted Nazarene in his hour of need. John, the Savior's friend, fearless of every peril, walked serenely but resolutely in, and braved the insults and malice of the crowd. On the following Sabbath morning, at early dawn, these two disciples, hearing of the reported resurrection, ran to the sepulchre to attest the truth. John, light and nimble-footed, outstripped his blustering brother's speed; but, unambitious of honor, at the very mouth of the sepulchre he suffers himself to be overtaken, and gratifies the natural temper of his companion, by following his footsteps into the sacred place. Afterward, in composing the history of these transactions, and of the Savior's life, though the chosen disciple, and an important actor in every scene, he studiously conceals himself, and, in spite of the power and purity of his taste, permits his pen to run into awkward circumlocutions to avoid even the mention of his name. Every passion—anger, ambition, and the love of power and fame, together with all the meaner motives of human conduct, envy, jealousy, and the remainder of the train, were strangers to his breast. Well did the Savior know the heart of him he loved. Wisely, under the agonies of the cross, when his filial tenderness was moved by beholding his mother's tears—a tenderness always revived by the realities of the dying hour—wisely did he trust the welfare

of her who bore him to that ever-faithful one, whose spirit was so sweetly ruled. How peacefully would pass her days in the family, and under the protection, of such a friend! Not a word would be spoken to wound the heart of the dependent mother of his Lord. No length of life could weary the patience of his love. No passion could be stirred, by the most trying circumstances, in a breast so serene and calm. Pure, peaceful, passionless man! Never did mortal so deserve a eulogy, and never, till the Savior uttered it, was such a eulogy bestowed, "*Mother, behold thy son!*"

But, my reader, if the beloved disciple, by the influence of religion, could be made worthy of becoming the adopted brother of the Son of God, other men may be equally imbued and governed by this benign principle of love. In this latter age, also, when Christianity is so perfect, so redeemed from its former disabilities, so free to perform its office and complete its work, we are to expect a comparative increase of these precious and priceless men. As the work goes forward, and the power of society is gradually committed to its sway, secret and open sins will cease, the peace of families will be preserved, the government of states will be more justly administered, slavery and oppression of every name will decline, the spirit and arts of war will be discouraged, science, literature, and philosophy will be more ardently cultivated, and peace, like an angel from the skies, will spread her broad wings over a world of brethren, enlightened by the truth, and governed by the same law that makes heaven what it is.

But I must now lay down my pen. I have spoken of the nature, the method, and the voice of history; and the theme has called up many topics worthy of stronger and better words than mine. I have written, as the reader may have seen, under the impulse of deep feeling, which, from the first word, has borne me rapidly along. To me it will be an adequate reward, if, by such labors, I can smooth the brow or light up the countenance of one desponding man. Dark as is the past, and gloomy as seems the cloud that hangs over the future history of the world, if, from the records of other years, I can draw a consolation and a hope for the time to come, I shall feel happy to rouse the confidence or allay the fears of any number of those, who may honor my pages with their regard.

#### THE HEART OF O'CONNELL.

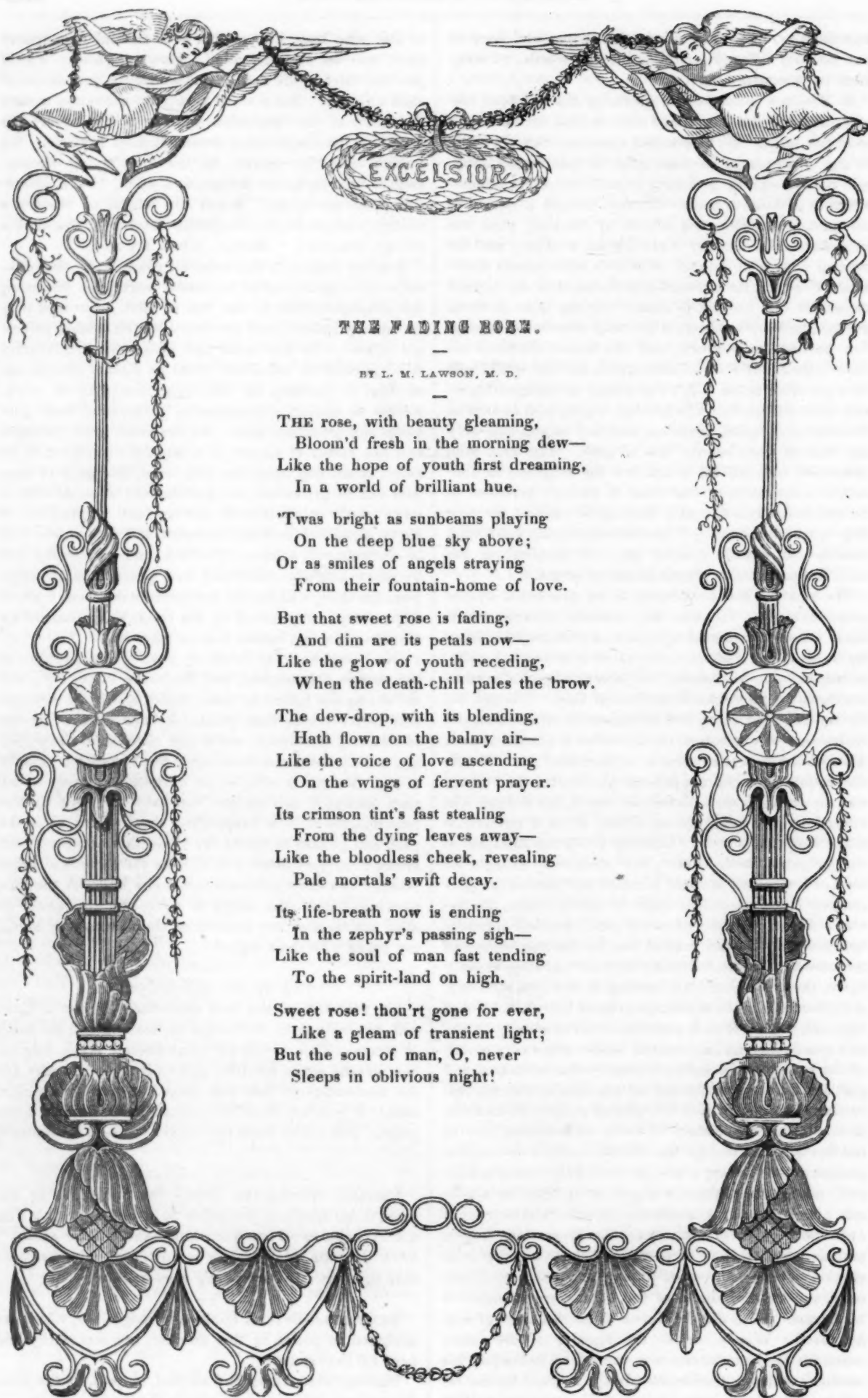
BY the will of the late celebrated Daniel O'Connell, his body is to be buried in Ireland, but his heart at Rome. This, it will be remembered, is the last, sober, solemn act of his life; and in it the world may see the tendencies of that life, since he became a public man. It is a key to all his operations for the last thirty years. But I will leave my reader to use it for himself.

#### DECISION OF CHARACTER.

HISTORY records, that Henry the Fourth, in an address to his soldiers, just prior to a battle, said, "You are Frenchmen—I am your king—there is the enemy." Such decision of character is worthy of a better cause than fighting. Let my young readers think of it.

REMARKS.—Several books and magazines, which we designed to notice in this number, are necessarily laid over till September.

Having printed a second edition, in part, of the present volume, we can again supply the back numbers.



THE FADING ROSE.

BY L. M. LAWSON, M. D.

THE rose, with beauty gleaming,  
Bloom'd fresh in the morning dew—  
Like the hope of youth first dreaming,  
In a world of brilliant hue.

'Twas bright as sunbeams playing  
On the deep blue sky above;  
Or as smiles of angels straying  
From their fountain-home of love.

But that sweet rose is fading,  
And dim are its petals now—  
Like the glow of youth receding,  
When the death-chill pales the brow.

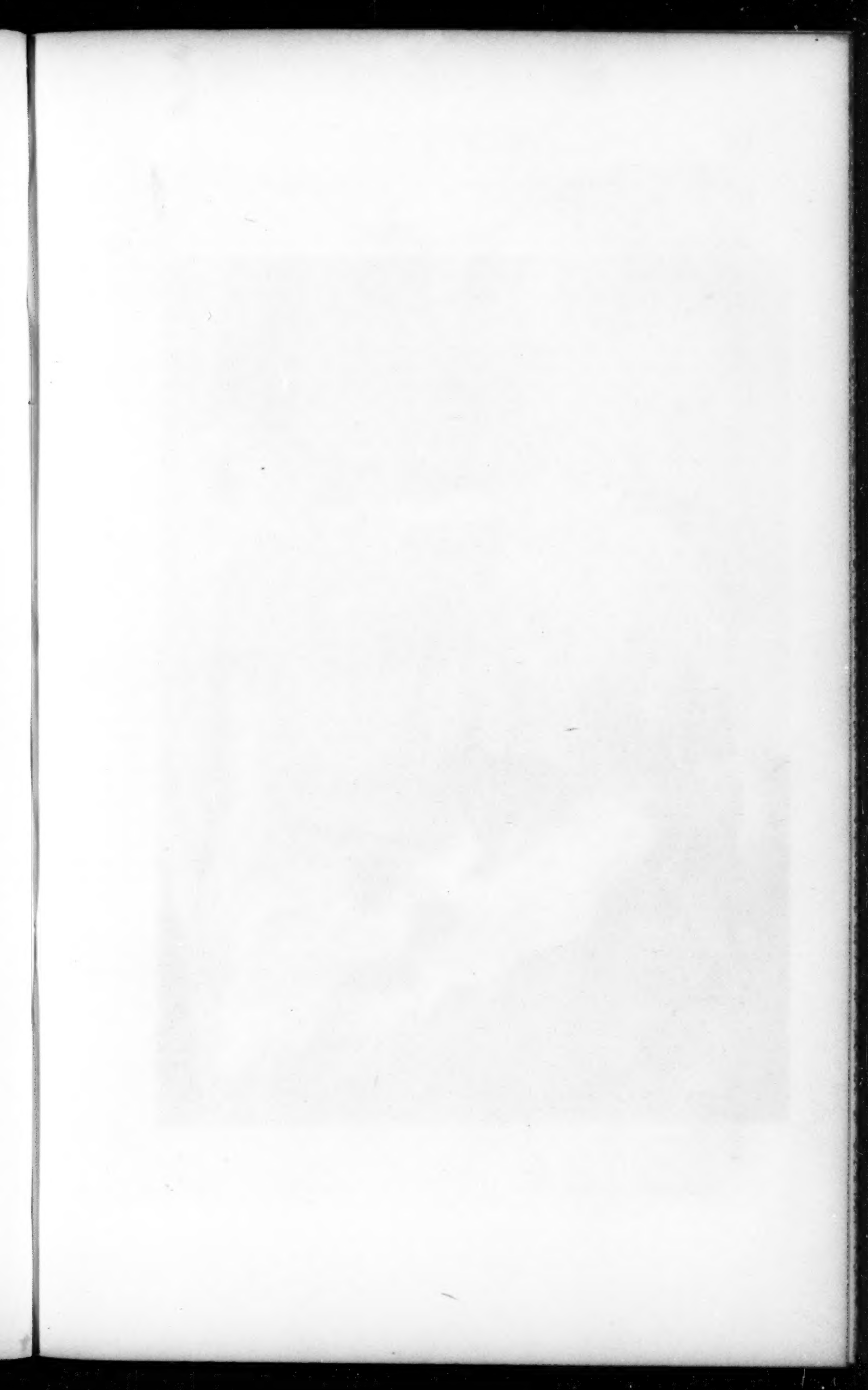
The dew-drop, with its blending,  
Hath flown on the balmy air—  
Like the voice of love ascending  
On the wings of fervent prayer.

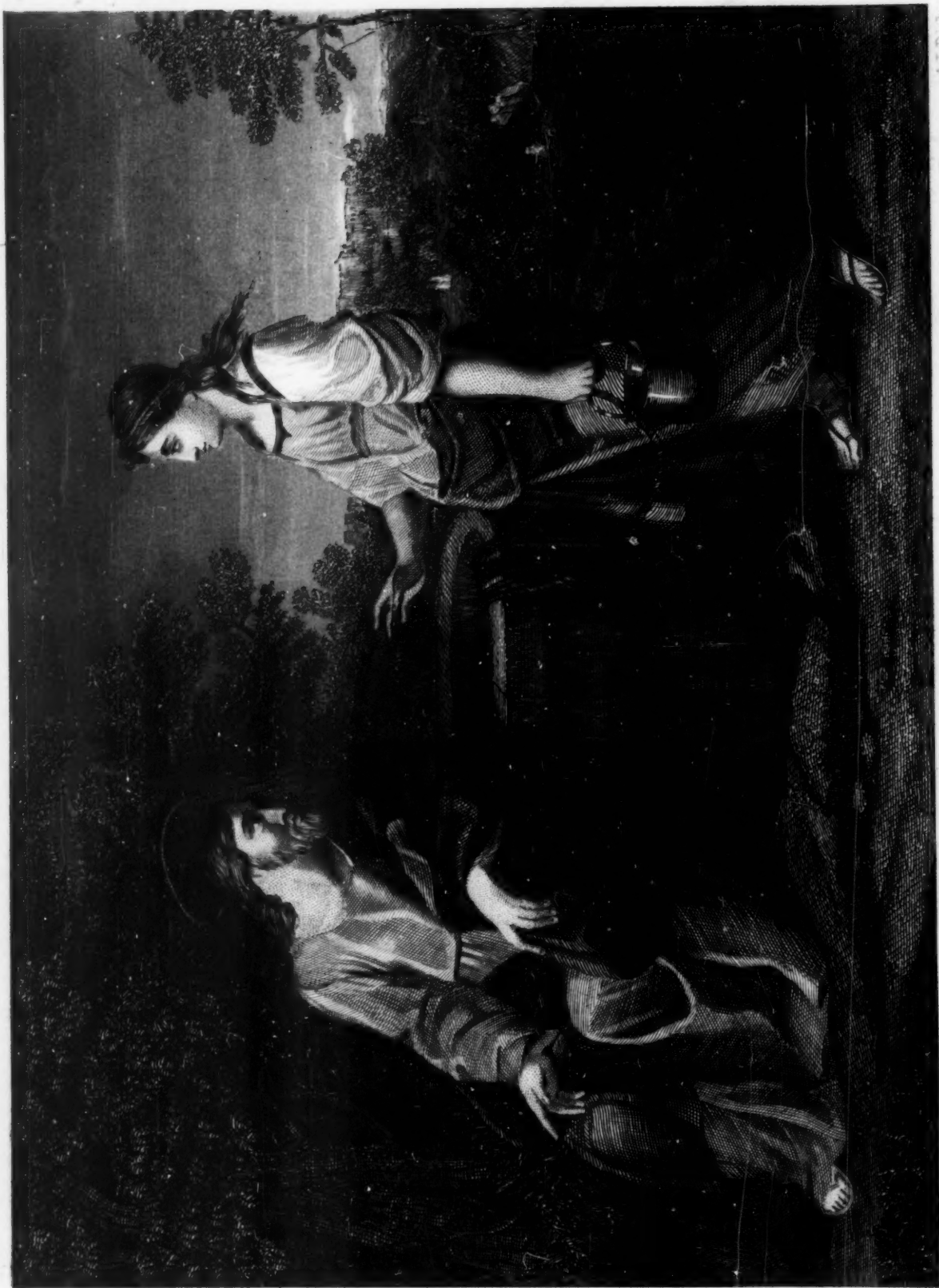
Its crimson tint's fast stealing  
From the dying leaves away—  
Like the bloodless cheek, revealing  
Pale mortals' swift decay.

Its life-breath now is ending  
In the zephyr's passing sigh—  
Like the soul of man fast tending  
To the spirit-land on high.

Sweet rose! thou'rt gone for ever,  
Like a gleam of transient light;  
But the soul of man, O, never  
Sleeps in oblivious night!







ALDRICK

JESUS & THE SAMARITAN.

Guido.